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ZOLUMAN,

A TRAGEDY.

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

WILLIAM QUARMBY,

AUTHOR OF "THE SEA SHELL AND OTHER POEMS," AND
"YE CHRONICLES OF ASHLYNNE."

*"Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by."*—MILTON.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

ASHTON:

WILLIAM QUARMBY, 208, STAMFORD STREET.

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TO
THOMAS MELLOR, ESQUIRE,
OF BROOKFIELD HOUSE, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OF THE
7TH ADMINISTRATIVE BATTALION OF LANCASHIRE
RIFLE VOLUNTEERS,
THIS VOLUME OF THE STORY OF ABYSSINIA,
AND OTHER POEMS,
IS, WITH THE HIGHEST ESTEEM, MOST GRATEFULLY
DEDICATED, BY HIS OBLIGED AND
OBEDIENT SERVANT,
WILLIAM QUARMBY.

208, STAMFORD STREET,
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE
JANUARY 31st, 1870.



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Zoluman, King of Mauritania,
OR
PASSION AND SELF-CONTROL.

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VIRTUOSA, Queen of the Isles and the sea.

ABDALLA, and FELISSA, his wife, an Eastern Prince
and Princess.

ZOLUMAN, the King of Mauritania.

ZAMIRA, his Queen.

ZARAFA, his faithful Chief.

ARRAMA, High Priest or Abouna

BISHILLO, Priest of Islam—Traitor.

ISTAFAR, Traitorous Chief.

AMISSA, Concubine and second Queen to Zoluman.

SAFARA, rival concubine.

MISSALLA, Priestess, Sorceress and Traitoress.

APULIS, a faithful Warrior.

Boatmen, Soldiers, Concubines, Guards, &c.

SIR RUPERT “THE PEERLESS,” chief and commander
of the armies of Virtuosa, the Queen of the Isles.

COL. FAIRWEATHER.

CAPTAIN MAINLAND.

CONSUL CARMERON.

DR. PRIDIÉU, and Messrs. FLADA and LE JEAN.

Prisoners in the hands of Zoluman, Soldiers,
Messengers, &c.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Palace at Windshore. Court of the Queen of the Isles of the Sea, Princes, Statesmen, Officers, and Guards.

An eastern Prince and Princess appear, and are presented to Virtuosa the Queen, by two leading statesmen.

VIR. Let them be presented.

Enter Prince Abdalla and Princess Felissa and suite, who bow till their Ostrich plumes touch the ground, on rising the Prince speaks.

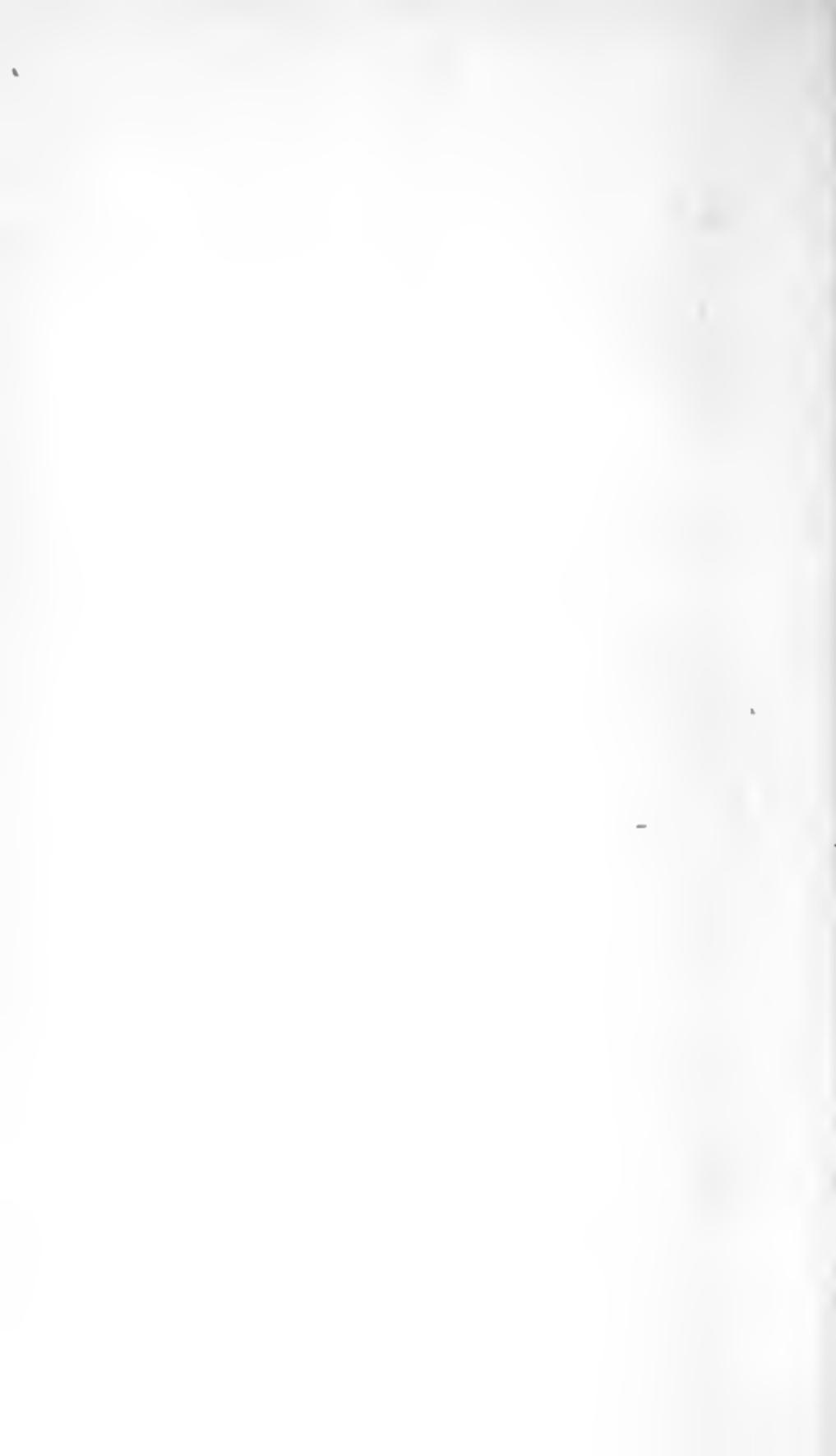
ABD. Oh great and powerful ruler, Empress Queen ;

Oh most majestic glorious and renowned,
Whose power exceeds, outshines, eclipses far
The glorious fountains of my race ! and hers
Who came a Queen from Sheba's golden shore ;
To bow before the greatest, wisest far
Of then existing kings ; tell me I pray
Whence doth such power, such honour, grandeur
spring ?

VIR. Oh most illustrious Prince & Princess who
Can trace descent from David's royal line,
Kings of lands beneath the gorgeous sun,
Which once were great, and once again shall be.
Ye who like her you name, fair Sheba's Queen,
Have come from far to see my power and state.
Which ye now see, have seen, and yet shall see,

This Palace first—temple of ancient kings,
This house, for house and temple are but one
When he inhabits, who is King of kings.
This state, these guards, are but the outward show
Of power behind ; those towers ye saw that swim,
And move so dreadful with or 'gainst the wind,





Are but the show of greater power within,
 And these my troops ! in wheeled battalions free,
 Are but the sword within my stronger hand,
 Weak as ye see me, widowed now, yet strong
 In him the God of Justice and of Might,
 Who rules, informs, instructs us by His word,
 This word—

Presents a Bible to the Prince and Princess

This Book which I now give to you,
 'Tis it that makes us mighty, powerful, free ;

*Prince and Princess receive the Bible, with fear and awe,
 as something half cabalistic half divine.*

As they obey it, they my latest sons,
 Shall be as I am—yea shall greater be,—
 Their people too, as they obey, shall be
 As free as mine, yea and shall happier be,
 If they forsake, then all our virtue lost,
 We, and our future race, and all our realm,
 Our troops, our power, our palaces and state
 Shall sink and die in utter rottenness,
 And as a passing dream shall cease to be.

*Prince and Princess about to retire, Virtuosa detains by
 a gesture and proceeds :—*

Give glory then to him the Prince of peace,
 The King of kings, by whom kings only reign.
 Think not war sovereignty, but seek for peace,
 Peace the last honour of all earthly kings ;

Now ere ye leave me, I one favour seek,
 Which if ye gain it far across the main
 When ye have left my realms, and reached your own,
 Then shall ye help perchance t'avert dread war,
 And be disciples of the Prince of peace.

P. and PRIN. Deign then to say what is the wish
you seek?

We count it happiness to be requested it :

VIR. It is

That graciously ye send an embassy,
Across the mountains and the burning plains
Of your own lands, unto your kinsman's court,
That royal, passion tossed and self-deceived king,
ZULUMAN called, of Mauritania king,
Who ! 'gainst good faith and right in bondage holds
My faithful consuls, servants, yea and His
(For there are those who serve the King of kings)
And risk their lives to teach him God's own word.
These long in bondage hath he held, severe,
Nor for my patience nor my pleading, cares ;
Yea all I send he holds in durance strong,
Hard as his soul, which will not let them go,
Seek ye to move him, that he let them go,
And ye have won my everlasting love,

(Virtuosa frowning)

Else like to him who perished in that sea,
Because he would not let God's people go,
So shall he perish in his own domains,
If I but steel my soul to hateful war ;
For war with him will not abate my power,
Nor tax in aught a tithe of what ye see ;
But war is hateful ! blood, and groans, and death,
And widows shrieking through the doleful night,
And orphans wailing through the lifelong day,
Their fathers limbs to prowling beasts a prey ;
And smiling fields consumed by fires of war,
While ruthless ruin rusts the fertile land.
Which ye avert if but he let them go,



And save my soul the horrors of a war.

Exeunt Prince and Princess. Court breaks up. Virtuosa soliloquises.

VIR. (solus)

War ! war ! war !!! most hateful form of death,—

As death is hateful to the living soul !

I have seen death look like a peaceful sleep,

The sleep that wakes not till some awful morn ;

I greived and wept, again I wept and grieved,

When that I knew my sire had bowed to death,

And when my mother died, disconsolate

Within my palace lay I wrapt in gloom,

But when my good and priceless Albert died,

He whose greater love will light me to my tomb,

E'en as the shadow of his loss enshrouds

The happiness of all my happy days ;

His loss that left me stranded, helpless, wrecked,

Struck in mid seas by the great wave of death.

Since then I wander nightly with his ghost !

Yet is my grief (the endless grief I bear)

As music to the grief I felt in war,

When I led on my forces 'gainst that foe

Who ruled the north, and spoiled my ally's shores,

And now again, I fear me, horrid war !

Lord Lancaster doth urge us on to war

ACT. I SCENE II.

ZOLUMAN, King of Mauritania.

ZAMIRA, his queen and Alamayou his boy.

ZARAFIA, Chief of the guards, Interpreter and most faithful friend.

AMISSA, the King's favourite concubine, several other concubines, courtiers, soldiers, guards.

TIME EVENING.

Scene. King's Palace at Gondahr

Zoluman on his throne, (in African royal costume), is getting impatient that his Courier has not returned from the coast, by whose hands he expects a second letter from the Queen of the Isles and the Sea.

ZOL. (speaks to Zarafa) Why comes he not ? oh
Chieftain ? lo yon star

Is near the waters of the western sea !

Which rose above our empire's eastern wall,

Now nine long moons since we beheld or heard

Message or messenger from her who rules the sea ;

For so they call her, these her slaves whom we

In durance hold ; did I but rule the sea !

I would so rule it that my messengers

Should find their way and reach their point with speed

Swift as the arrow from the hunters bow ;

Or I with boats would bridge the world and sea ;

Bah ! she's no Queen ! else why is she so slow,

Slow to take anger when we hurt her slaves,

So slow to know it and redress their wrongs ;

Speak out Zarafa, speak ! and give the sign.

Zarafa chief of the inner circle of seven of the masonic sixteen or four square, gives the sign to speak.

ZAR. Oh sire ! great son of him who was all wise, Founder of our great circle—deign to hear, I hear it whispered from the far off isles, From the Grand Masters of our secret signs That this same queen is merciful as great, Patient as merciful ; that when she acts,

Acts not but with the voice of all her realm;
 And this I know, the patient oft are strong,
 Strongest when most they seem afraid to strike
 Thrice hath this Queen approached your awful court
 By letter, messengers, and embassy,
 Which ye condemn, imprison, or despise ;
 Yet if she rise in wrath so sure shall we
 Then sink before her, as the meanest tribe
 Unarmed, doth fly before your awful power.

ZOL. Arise in wrath ! why should she rise in wrath ?
 How went our letters ? what did we propose ?
 Paid we no court ? did I affront her power ?
 I did but seek alliance with her throne,
 Assistance meet to conquer this great land,
 To build great cities, and subdue the tribes,
 To clear the streams, and to build up highways
 O'er mountain peaks and vast alluvial plains,
 Compared with which, the colonies and deeds
 Of that great state which I have heard of—Rome,
 Were like mud cabins built upon the shore,
 Which the next tide doth wash complete away :
 Now my vexed soul, impatient of delay,
 Seems straitened like to burst my heart away
 Lest that dread power that moves us from our seat,
 Should call me hence ere I accomplish it,
 I, who by birth and genius do unite,
 Soluman, Caesar, and a host of kings
 Within myself, I who shall rule the world.

ZAM. THE QUEEN. If my great lord, my husband
 and my love,
 Would grant me leave in privacy to speak,
 With none save these most faithful chiefs to hear,
 We might expose the root of all these woes,

And point the way to happier hours again.

At a sign from the King, Amissa and the rest of the women retire, abashed but haughty threatening future woes

ZOL. Speak my beloved, the fountain of my peace,
Bring near my boy, who thrives not well of late,
'Midst our commotions

ZAM. (weeping) Oh gracious ; oh, my lord
Light of my soul ye move me now to tears ;
Oft have I seen some vigorous plant or flower
Within my gardens die for lack of light,
And this our boy, a plant of tender growth
Tho' large of heart, of sinew, and of brain,
Lacks the bright sun of his great father's eyes,
The music of his voice ; your fond caress
(Too oft, alas, bestowed where most undue)
Would make him flourish as the sapling tree
That grows hard by the margin of our lake,
But see ! we wander thinking on the boy,
Forgetful of his sire and all the realm ;
Say then great sire, we have your leave to speak ?
To tell the news we heard, perchance did dream ?

ZOL. Speak yet be brief, we are intent to hear,
So that your news be worthy of your soul,
For evening comes apace.

ZAM. We heard and saw, it may be in a dream,
(For dreams oft come to soothe distressed souls)
Men of strange tongue, white men within a fort,
Who seemed in bondage, yet their souls were free,
They spake and wept, and prayed unto their God,
Till light and hope sat beaming in their eyes,
Then a large bird of swift and powerful wing,
Flew from the isles of her who rules the sea ;



And first it lit on ships far o'er the main,
And then it reached our shores ; and in its beak,
It held a scroll of mystic characters ;
One half it gave to these, one half to me,
Yet each was like the other, and I heard
A voice read out the burden of the scroll ;
It was, " all hail ye servants of the queen ! "
There is a deep and wide expanding wave
Of feeling in our realms to set you free ;
And punish him who holds you thus in chains.
Trust then in God and he will set you free ! "
When lo the scene was changed to those bright days
When nothing marred our love, those haleyon hours
When grace and power and dignity kept pace
With sterner virtues ; yea when all the realm
Progressed in harmony beneath the rule
Of my dread lord ; until that fatal morn,
When as we lay enamoured 'neath the trees,
Listening to music choiring through the grove :
A dark and baleful serpent couchant lay,
(Beneath the leaves), its scales of fretted gold,
And gay contortions, led your soul away,
You fled and left me all dissolved in tears,
Then said the voice, " if he the king return,
He and his throne and all his realm shall be
Grander than aught his fancy ever drew,
If he return not, look ! behold and see ! "
I looked, I saw strange legions come from far,
With fire and sword, while ruin filled the land.
And our own troops and your most faithful friends
Did all desert yon at your utmost need,
Heartbroken I yet lived to see your fall,
Which wrought my death, and strangers dug my
grave ;

Then I awoke and found your generous soul,
 Lured by yon temptress, toying in her arms,
 And since that hour, what woes! what grieved woes!
 I do beseech you, oh, my gracious lord !
 Ponder this dream and it may yet be well.

Zoluman, (highly disturbed) dismisses the council and calls for his favourite steed, a powerful war horse, which he always selected for a long ride in his passionate hours. He then soliloquises

ZOL. (solus) Then is it so !
 Have my ill deeds brought me to such a pass ?
 To peace a stranger, war within my gates,
 War ! which to me nor hateful is nor loved,
 But most of all not feared : love ! hatred ! fear !!!
 Three passions which recall me to my self,
 Fierce passion's child, both passion nursed and born,
 Yet in my youth I ever grandly strove
 To cultivate both truth and chastity,
 And curbed myself with strong and powerful rein,
 As I now curb my war horse in his flight,
 Then self-control brought dignity and power,
 Then was I feared, and fear produces peace,
 And peace hath thorns we feel nor fear in war,
 Peace brought me love, whom love hath made my
 queen,
 My fair Zamira and our bright eyed boy
 These are the fruits of peace, yet as the flower
 Which gives us honey, gives forth poison too,
 So this fair peace and love, this sexual bond
 Produced in me the wildest lawless love,
 (If it be lawless to admire a maid) ?
 It wrought me passionate nights and lawless days,
 Anger at home, and deep distrust abroad,
 Contempt from her I sought as my ally,



Whom the world calls both powerful, great and free.
 Free ; am I not free ? what is it to be free ?
 Ah now there comes upon my glimmering sense,
 A recollection of the Hebrew king,
 That passion tossed great fountain of my race,
 And in his book of wisdom left to me,
 “The greatest wisdom is to rule the soul,
 To curb the passions, not to be their slave,”
 Hence then ! foul fiends ! false friends ! and falser
 wives !
 Base concubines ! dalilahs ! serpents ! snares !
 With feasts of wines, and mirth, and guilty joys
 We sink you all, call here my fiery steed,
 Now let me fly this wicked, festering air,
 I stifle ! choke ! until I feel the breeze
 Of that pure sky where first my boyhood grew.

The King rides away :—

Zarafa and the faithful guards follow at a distance.

ACT I.

Scene 3.—On the river by moonlight.

Zoluman the King having several hours to spare, arrives at his central fort on Lake Ngura, and calls for his royal barge to sail down the river Agaba, intending to visit his kinsman who has lately returned from a visit to Virtuosa, Queen of the Isles and the sea.

ZOL. (to attendants) See to my horse,
 And groom and rest him well, then see he feed,
 On what can injure neither wind nor limb,
 See he be ready on the third days' morn ;
 If thou would'st keep thy life.

Exit Zoluman in barge.

Barge sails away in the moonlight. Zoluman about to seek repose calls his chief Zarafa, and speaks—

ZOL. Zarafa we would rest, call up the guard,
Rest well thyself until the set of moon,
Then break our sleep as we have much to do.

ZAR. Sire we obey, but by your royal wish,
I name a rule you have forgot to-day.

ZOL. Be brief and name it, such was our command:

ZAR. Said ye not once, "who would be great
must rule

All others best by ruling first himself? "

ZOL. So did I say! wherein did I transgress?

ZAR. Rode not the king in anger all night long?
Anger we grant against his former self,
But anger still; then most at close of day,
Ye valued more your fiery warlike steed,
Than yon poor slaves most dull and haggard life?

ZOL. Leave me Zarafa, my most faithful friend,
Farewell some hours, we kings are weak and vain,
Nursed and matured in faults; get thee to rest.

*The barge now sails, the oarsmen sing stanzas of African
songs to while the night away.*

SONG.

First Bargeman.

Calm on the stream the barge now glides,
Fierce o'er the plain Zoluman rides,
Woe is behind when passion guides.

Second Bargeman.

He is the king; the wave, the sea;
His slaves; the shifting sands are we,
If he but frown, we cease to be.

Third Bargeman.

He is the light, the sun, the star,
Fair as the moon his Queen Zamaar,
With them we cannot wander far.

Fourth Bargeman.

No faithful slave his Lord derides.
No kingdom lives, if it divides.
We will be true whate'er betides.

Chorus of all the four Bargemen.

1st.—Woe is behind when passion guides.
2nd.—If he but frown we cease to be.
3rd.—With them we cannot wander far.
4th.—We will be true whate'er betides.

*The King restless has arisen, and is walking on deck,
wrapt in lions skins, he listens & hears the last refrain.*

ZOL. (solus.) Zarafa sleeps, I walk the deck alone,
Communing with myself ere break of day ;
Yon orb the moon sinks calmly, as now glides
This gentle barge ; but fiercee my war horse rides.
Youth loves to ride the fiercee unbroken steed,
But age delights in scenes of thought and calm,
While kings delight in change ; but the great gods
Are as the sun and moon and placid stars,
Which look upon this nether world, serene,
Unmoved, untroubled, whatsoe'er betide ;
I have been passionate as my fiery steed,
Calm am I now as this my gentle barge,
And changeable as kings ; but if the gods
I worship, keep my steadfast purpose well,
My rule shall henceforth be as yonder sun,
My passions chaste as is the silvery moon,
My Throne and Kingdom lasting as the stars :

Chorus of Bargemen.

1st.—Woe is behind when passion guides.
2nd.—If he but frown we cease to be.
3rd.—With them we cannot wander far.
4th — We will be true whate'er betides.

Zoluman listens, is interested. Awakes Zarafa, who listens and repeats the whole song. The barge now approaches its journeys end.

Zoluman repeats to himself musingly

“ Woe is behind when passion guides.
If he but frown we cease to be.”

ZOL. (solus.) Sweet is the taste of virtuous self-control;

The day has been such words had doomed to death
The life of those poor slaves who urge my barge,
Slaves did I say? I henceforth call them men
And they who tell my future life shall say,
There were no slaves in Zoluman’s great reign.

Eueunt Omnes.

ACT I.

Scene IV.—Royal Palace of Abbekuta.

Enter Prince Abdalla, Princess Felissa his wife, Chiefs, Guards, and attendants,

ABD. (to his chief adviser)

Approach my chief, we have great news to-day!
Zoluman, king of Matritanian realms
And our great kinsman, comes unto our court,
All unattended, save those faithful few,
(Zarafa and his guards of mystic signs,)
Haste then, prepare great welcome for the lord
Of Mauritania, and our kinsman true;
Yet keep from sight all objects that may tempt
His soul to wrath or passion, lest we mar
The purpose we do hold to move his soul,
And execute the will of her, the Queen,
That he should let her faithful servants free,
Which he in bondage holds.

Flourish of Gongs and other warlike instruments.

Shouting, &c. Enter Zoluman, attended by Zarufa and the guards. (Emotion.)

Abdalla seated on his throne, a bed of many wondrous skins surrounded by his guards and attendants, holding immense fans, which they wave to and fro.

Abdalla descends from his throne and speaks—

Right welcome royal kinsman, and great King,
Lord of the fairest portion of all lands,
Welcome! thrice welcome! on our natal day!!!
Now we will hold our revels, and we pray
The King's bright presence here for many a moon!

ZOL. Thanks! royal kinsman! we will gladly stay,

Yet only till the third day wanes apace,
Then must we haste to reach our central fort
Far up the lake, as we have much to do.

They embrace—P. Abdalla leads Zoluman up to his throne and gives command for the music and the festival to begin.

Scene changes to the open air.—

Spear throwing—Wrestling—Fighting—Some beheaded when defeated as is the custom.

Feasts preparing—Abdalla and Zoluman walking alone in the palm grove.

ABD. Great kinsman! Lord and King, the morning wanes,

The sun ascends unto his utmost heat
And you are fasting; but we know your power.
Strong to endure, and great in self-control,
When so ye will it; and Great Allah speaks
Best to men's souls, when most from feasting free;
So saith my beadsman, he my great High Priest,
Whom ye shall see and hear of more to-day:

But we have tidings from the far off Isles,
 From the great Queen, from her who rules the seas,
 A Queen whose state exceedeth theirs as far
 As theirs united, (Sheba, Soluman),
 Surpassed all kings ! and graciously she sends,
 Kind words, fair greeting unto you the King,
 With fair request, " ye let her servants go,"
 Whom ye in bondage hold—

ZOL. Saw ye the Queen ? and did she condescend
 To plead through you, that I should let them go ?
 But by your looks, there yet is more behind,
 What if obdurate, I the prayer refuse ?

*Enter the Abouna or High Priest Arrama, Zarafa and
 attendants, who pay greetings and obeisance to the King
 and Prince.*

*Sound of gongs and the call to feasting heard. All prepare
 to feast and enjoy.*

Abdalla while walking with the Abouna, hints his purpose, and they agree to work on the soul of the King during his stay.

ZAR. to ZOL. Right royal lord we warn you 'gainst this feast,
 For such is your most dread express command !

ZOL. Thanks good Zarafa, true Zarafa, thanks !
 How like ye yonder Priest ? with looks so high,
 Speaking great words, and yet to me he seems,
 As if the wisdom glaneed from off his soul,
 As sparks from off the flint, and leave it less,
 Is it not so ? mark he enjoys a feast,
 Who said Great Allah loves a fasting soul !
 If he acts out the wisdom he displays,
 Attach him henceforth to our suite and court.
 To help and teach us how to raise our state,



As high as hers, this Queen of all the Seas,
 For well I know, as face responds to face
 In the clear stream, so answereth soul to soul,
 And well that priesthood elevates a state,
 Which by example purifies the King.

DINNER IN AFRICAN STYLE.

Scene.—A Glade in the Palm Groves.

First—A very large circle of lords and high officers. Second—An inner circle of favoured guests. Third—An innermost circle for the King, Prince Abdalla, Arrama, the High Priest—with Zaraja, Chiefs, Eunuchs, &c.

THE DINNER.

Served by nearly naked slaves, who cut off slices of meat from the sides of living cows—mixing and rolling up quickly with many unguents inside Africau teff bread—then a slave puts one piece into each guest's mouth—which is eaten and much noise and gusto, drinking, chattering, &c.

Central table: The King and Prince with their circle have theirs on a raised board, 'neath an awning of palm trees—they cut their food with small daggers, and eat with much more decorum.

Zoluman eats sparingly and drinks no wine. All the rest enjoy as each likes best.

They then finish by drinking coffee, arrack, mellifluous wines, and hydromel, smoking in Arabic fashion—in Abdalla's private chamber.

ZOL. Hail, great Arrama, high and holy priest,
 What think ye of the festivals to-day?
 Right glad ye seemed to gaze upon the scene,
 And to partake with zest.

ARRAMA Oh, sovereign lord, and king of mighty realms,
 That stretch from hence unto the western sea;
 We count it wise upon occasions meet,
 To leave behind the world and all its cares,

T' ascend the halls of my most gracious prince,
 And to refresh us at his royal feasts :
 He who made man—made food and generous wine,
 E'en on occasions He outstretched His laws
 Producing food for thousands—wine for feasts,
 And his last charge was : “ feed my lambs, my sheep ”
 So as a shepherd feeds his tender flock,
 Rejoicing at their health and eagerness :
 So I rejoice to share the generous feast,
 Which most sets free the soul ; there can I see
 What passions ! virtues ! vices ! mark my sheep !
 And can apply my meed of praise or blame
 Where it is justly due.

ZOL. Right well ye answer us—then tell me pray,
 Is naught offensive ye have this day seen ?

ARR. Yea ! there is much of carnal evil zest,
 And much of sensual selfish cruelty ;
 But when the Truth we teach has time to grow,
 Then shall this race improve and far outshine
 Their ruder sires, its seed from age to age
 Shall like the leaven swell and 'sunder burst
 Their vice and woe, and set them wholly free.

ZOL. Seed did ye say ! what seed ?
 What truth is that ye teach ? and whence its power ?
 Comes it from Her, the Queen of all the seas ?

ABDALLA. (Smiling at the adroitness of the Priest)
 Oh, royal guest, permit us now to show
 The glorious gift of Her who rules the sea,

(*Calls for the Queen's Bible*) Which is inspected with
 respect, curiosity, and awe.

ZOL. Is this the source of all her might and power ?

ABD. Yea, even so, for so the Queen did say.





ZARAFÁ. My royal lord, it is that Holy Word,
 (In part composed by your great Ancestors)
 But all directed by the God of Heaven,
 For so declare those holy men whom we
 Imprison yet at your most dread command.

ZOL. (sneering and angry) Oh, say ye so, and by
 the sun it is !

Right well I know the secret of her power,
 It is a Book of deep and cunning tales,
 Some true, some false, to dazzle and delude,
 Which she adopts and sends to foreign shores,
 With great pretence of piety and prayers
 By first her Missioners—and after these
 (Base men and filled with cursed greed of gain,)
 Come Consuls armed with her Prerogative,
 These, full of evil, overturn our laws,
 Laugh at our Gods, and call us evil names
 As tyrants ! monster ! barbarous ! cruel ! mad !!
 Whom if we visit with just vengeance due
 Then this same Queen doth straightway call for war,
 Sending her fleet and armies to our shores,
 And takes away our very state and name.
 So truly 'tis—the cause of all her power,
 Base wicked cause of evil gotten might,
 Fables that fill the brain with phantasies
 And unknown ills her priests profess to cure,
 Far rather give me that bold Arab chief
 Who frankly came with Koran and with sword
 Than the low, base perfidious policy
 Of this same queen, her consuls and her priests ;
 Base wicked cause of evil gotten power
 Away ! away ! we read the riddle well.

Seizes the Book to hurl it away.

At a sign from Zarafa he cur's himself.

ABD. Oh royal kinsman lay your anger by
And listen to the grand and holy strains.

ZARAFA. Interpreter reads

“ Righteousness exalteth a nation”
“ Greater is he that ruleth a city, &c.”
“ By Me kings reign, &c.”
“ Blessed are the merciful,”

And lastly the story of Pharaoh and the Red Sea.

Zoluman moved and softened.

ABDALLA. (proceeds)

And well I know that this same royal Queen
Is good and merciful, and just and great,
Abhorring war, she waiteth patiently
As God is said to wait for men to turn,
So did she pray to me to urge the king
To spare our lands and let her people go,
Else would her kingdom rise in dreadful wrath,
Nor pause, until with fearful vengeance due
They come e'en up unto your royal seat
And pluck them hence by force, and if that force
Should sunder rend your realms and all your state,
The weight would lie on your obduracy;
We do beseech you therefore let them go.

ARRAMA. Yea! oh dread lord, we second this great
prayer,
We do beseech you let her people go.

ZARAFA. Oh my great master, king of all these lands
We do beseech you let her servants go
And add the gem of mercy to your crown.

ZOL. We yield, we yield, henceforth then be it so,
When we have reached our central power and state,

ACT. I. SCENE V.

The same room. Company as before.

Enter a Messenger in great haste—first on bended knee, then flat on his face he crawls up to Zoluman, then placing the royal foot upon his own head, he waits the command to speak.

ZOL. Raise him Zarafa and take him hence apart.
Hear what he brings, and straight interpret it,
For he is of the tribes from farthest north
Whose chief Gabara is our deadliest foe.

Exeunt Zarafa and Messenger.

(Zarafa and the Messenger confer apart. The latter is searched and under the locks of his hair around the ears is found a scroll in cypher, from the Queen Zamira, the purpose of which is explained to Zarafa.) Re-enter Zarafa.

ZARAFA. News my dread lord, a message from your queen,
In fiercest haste hath come from Maragdah
With news, dread news, of gathering treacherous tribes
That crowd and swarm like locusts o'er the plain
And like the clouds when threatening thunder lours,
They rush to one grand point, your central fort ;
Which lies midway 'twixt you and safety's bower :
This is the work of her (your concubine)
Your chief delight of yore, but now your foe,
So sends the Queen, with her great love and prayers,
Which I interpret and await your will.

ZOL. Ah it is so ! and she, how is the Queen ?
Is she in safety with our darling son ?
But tush, the cowards dare not face my hosts
Led by the Queen, though by a friend betrayed,
They come in hopes to find us unprepared ;

They dig our graves, but they shall find their own.

ABDALLA. Holy Priest, and you, my chieftain true !

Let us go in and hold a seat of war !

A council first, an then a glorious fight !

(Council of War.)

ABD. I am at peace ; I therefore give the King The choicest legion of my native troops.

ARR. And I will bless them, and inspire their minds

With warlike ardour 'gainst the treacherous foe.

ZAR. I urge my master instantly to fly By the State Barge and intercept the foe Ere they can seize upon our central fort. And I myself will lead Abdalla's powers, And reach the fort with the first morning sun.

ZOL. Thanks, faithful friends, your councils I accept.

But give the troops some hours of sweet repose. And you Zarafa ! you ! I charge to say They shall have ample plunder and revenge To suit their utmost wish—and you, my chief, Adieu—I go—to sail and reach the fort Ere it shall be besieged, and soon will give A good account of these most dastard foes.

Zoloman, Abdalla, and the Priest, &c, with Guards, depart in the Barge, leaving Zarafa to follow with the Troops.

Scene.—The Central Fort.

Time—Morning, Sunrise.

A shout is heard as the Royal Barge approaches the Fort, with the King's banner floating at the helm.

Enter Zoluman, Abdalla, and Arrama, the High Priest.

Zoluman steps first on shore, and is met by Adulis, the Governor of the Fort, who tells of the approaching Foe.

ZOL. We know, Adulis, and commend your deeds
Most that we find the fort so well prepared,
Call up the guards and all our choicest troops,
And bring my steed—I love his fiery flanks—
His flashing eye—which seems—

 Ah ! here he comes !

And by yon sun, which rises not in gloom,
He shall see service now with us to day.

Zoluman commends the groom, who departs astonished and overjoyed.

ZOL. Look well Adulis, watch on yonder tower,
Turn to the south and say when first you see
Ours and our Kinsman's troops.

 Abdalla stay you here,
And thou our Priest lend us your aid to day.

(Enter Adulis.)

ADU. My Lord and King, I see a cloud of dust.

ZOL. 'Tis well ! 'tis well ! he said the morning sun

Would find him dead, if not within the fort.
So spake our faithful chief.

 Adulis send
Your trusty scouts to east, and west, and north
And bring us news of these our daring foes.

Abdalla's troops arrive and are then refreshed. Scouts come in and report. Zoluman walking alone on the Parapet, waiting for the reports, speaks. (solus.)

ZOL. This then proceeds from her—her whom I loved ;

And loved so passionately, that half my realm
 Seemed a poor toy, with which to dower her ;
 Theirs too no doubt, for as birds fly in clouds,
 So these false wives consort in companies,
 And their false love lives but in fever heat—
 It knows no calm, but drunk with fierce delight,
 Absorbs the soul, the life, and all my realm ;
 While my true wife stands faithful, noble, calm,
 And loves me most when all is storm around ;
 Loves but to save me from the storms within ;
 Storms that will wreck myself, my soul, my state,
 And her dear self, who glad would smile and die,
 Could she but save me ; but yon evil troop
 Of vilest syrens, we call concubines,
 Are like the fires' and earthquakes' open jaws,
 That cry more ! more ! 'till they destroy the land.
 But now, when I would turn from base desires,
 Now that my soul fights panting to be free,
 This evil comes, as saith yon Holy Priest,
 " Who will do right, shall seem to suffer wrong,"
 Well, be it so ; for in the right is strength.
 And the Great God who hears (e'en as yon sun
 Looks round the world and ever shining sees),
 So God hath seen and heard my recent vows,
 To set His servants, all my prisoners free.
 So will we trust Him, and our treacherous foes
 Shall bite the dust to day.

Ah ; now I see
 Three clouds of dust blot out the morning sky !
 They come ! they come ! and we must now to
 war !

Enter Adulis.

ADU. My Lord and King, the enemy is near.



ZOL. We know, we hear, now see yon morning sun

Shines on our fort with presage of fair day.
While gloomy clouds frown darkly on our foes.

Enter Abdalla, Arrama, Zarafa, and Guards.

ZOL. Hail faithful friends, prepare ye now for war.

(Zoluman embraces Abdalla.)

ZOL. You my dear friend and royal kinsman true,

To you we owe our safety on this day.

The foe comes on three deep, three armed bands :
Behold ! how we will scatter them to day.

They dread my name, each chieftan fears my face,
And they shall find three Zolumans to-day.

First, you Abdalla, lead the firm left wing,
But ride my horse and wear my royal plumes.

Lead you the right Zarafa, and unfurl
The royal banner which precedes the King,
And I will fight in front, bareheaded, bold ;
So each shall know us well who look on us.

Now let our war cry be Zamira ! Queen !

Death to Amissa and our treacherous foes.

The foe appears. The King addresses the Troops.

ZOL. Soldiers advance, be brave, behold the foe
You have three leaders, each himself a host.

For I myself will fight in all your ranks
Where they fight fiercest there the King will be.

And in one hour we will deliver them
Like sheep for slaughter into your own hands.

Ask not and give no terms, kill and exterminate ;
Who spares them least, is dearest to my soul.
The sun now blinds the foe—to arms ! to arms !

Forward Abdalla ; forward chieftain too ;
Lo I am here ! Let death go on before !

The battle rages with varying fortunes, but the foe
frightened at meeting Zoluman everywhere and
so well prepared is finally beaten and flies
scattered o'er the plain.

The Prisoners are brought in, multitudes are slain.
Finally Gabara, Amissa, and several Chiefs are
captured, and the victory is complete.

Trumpets sound. Enter on the stage, Zoluman,
Abdalla, Zarafa, the High Priest, Adulis.
They embrace each other.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT II.

Scene I.—The Prison at Gondahr.

Prisoners in chains—some tied double—others so
tightly compressed, that their flesh is swollen
and almost putrid—groans heard from the men—
the women, some are in tears, others are rocking
themselves to and fro in silent grief ;—One aged
white haired missionary is walking in his chains,
praying with his manacled hands uplifted, and
speaks occaionally.

THE MISSIONARY. Hear us oh Lord ! how long ;
behold our griefs ;

Behold thy people Lord, and count their groans ;
Awake thy might, make bare thy holy arm,
Speed thou our prayers ; arouse our country's rage,
And let our wrongs come up before thy seat ;
Tame thou this wild usurper, stay his wrath,
Ere that we cease to be ; pity our woes.
Or send thy servant death to set us free :



Year	Population	Area (sq km)	Population Density (per sq km)
1950	1000000	10000	100
1960	1500000	10000	150
1970	2000000	10000	200
1980	2500000	10000	250
1990	3000000	10000	300
2000	3500000	10000	350
2010	4000000	10000	400
2020	4500000	10000	450
2030	5000000	10000	500
2040	5500000	10000	550
2050	6000000	10000	600
2060	6500000	10000	650
2070	7000000	10000	700
2080	7500000	10000	750
2090	8000000	10000	800
2100	8500000	10000	850

Yet no ; forgive my doubts and short lived faith,
 Let not despair get hold on us to day.
 Thou hast supported us through monstrous griefs,
 Deep wrongs, sharp pains, fierce strifes, and
 stifling glooms ;
 And what seemed more, an age of dull suspense,
 That eat into the soul, compared with which
 Death then had seemed an Angel winged with
 joy ;
 Yet in it all we felt that gracious calm
 Which speaks thy presencee buoying up the soul,
 Until thy purpose (ever ripening fast,)
 Should bring the hour of victory and release.

Look up, ye prisoners, let us trust and pray,
 I feel my soul impelled to prophesy,
 Our God has heard, and we shall yet be free.
 That our great Queen and yon most glorious Isle,
 Whieh shines in beauty like some heavenly star,
 Will hear, has heard, and will redress our wrongs.
 Yea now 'tis arming, putting on its might,
 Rousing their soul to deeds unchronieled,
 Whieh shall outshine all previous tales we heard
 Of its great prowess ; thanks, O God, to thee !
 Let us now call on him to speed our prayers,
 To speed their might who come to set us free.

Prisoners all pray.

Enter Zarafa, Messengers, Slaves, Attendants, and Guards.

ZAR. Strike off their chains, the King hath set
 them free,
 Bring hither aught that can allay their wounnds,
 And sooth their griefs, that long have vexed my
 my soul.

Prisolers sing, give thanks, and pray and bless their
 God. Some faint with joy, and reverse of feeling.

AGED MISSIONARY (To Zarafa.) My God now
 bless thee in thy day of grief
 That thou rememberedst and hast pitied us,
 Keep thee in all thy ways about the King,
 And save thy precious life

(Blesses Him.)

Prisoners all depart in tears of grief and joy mingled, but fearfully weak, lacerated and torn.
 Enter Zoluman in the open air before the Palace.
 Prisoners brought before him, who bless and thank him.

ZOL. (aside) Now feels my soul great joy, but a deep cloud
 Still settles o'er me when I see their wrongs,
 My conscience whispers, there are after woes
 (Aloud) Come near ye friends and servants of the Queen,
 Your Queen, I reverence, and for her great sake
 And for my own, I henceforth hold you free,
 Go free abroad, or seek the farthest coast
 And if ye list, go free to your own land.

Prisoners quickly depart.

ZOL. (to Zarafa) Call now the prisoners of our glorious fight
 The traitors whom we took, the spoils of war,
 And chiefly her, Amissa, and her crew
 Of false deceitful treacherous concubines.
 Place them in chains within the very walls
 Yon wretches now have left, there let them feel
 What weight of sin it is to beard the king.

Amissa, Concubines, Gabara and his chiefs are hurried off to prison.

ZOL. (solus) Now will we hence within our palace gates

And seek the arms of our beloved queen
 My fair Zamira and our bright eye'd boy,
 My hope in after ages ; who shall reign
 O'er all this state, when we have made it strong,
 United, brave, and civilized, and free ;
 Perhaps refined as hers : as great in power
 If not in history, but that must come
 When the great sleep of death hath closed mine eyes,
 Oft times I feel him near and then recede
 As if he felt his dart and tried its point.
 Fearing to strike ; Is't that the game is high ?
 Or that my work is not so far assured
 That other hands can grasp the power I wield ?
 I know not—but I feel that all is well,
 Most when I feel my soul is uppermost,
 When my base passions conquered lie beneath
 The heel and iron hoof of self-control !
 Then am I strong ! then is my soul secure !
 Then course my blood and humours through my veins
 As the clear stream that sings along the grove,
 Then death seems ever welcome or flies far
 As if I were immortal ! Is't not so ?
 What says that Book ? these messengers and those
 I late set free, those men who never curse,
 But blest me free, and prayed for me in chains.
 Will she too bless me there and pray for me ?
 She whom I love in spite of all my rage
 Let me forget ! oh there ! go call the queen.

Enter the Queen Zamira radiant and happy, leading
 her son Alamayou. The king dismisses his
 attendants, and embraces both with great ardour,
 Zoluman is happy—the curtain falls.

ACT II. SCENE II.

The same palace at Gondahr.

Enter the King, (Zoluman) Queen Zamira, Zarafa the Chief, Arrama, the Abouna or High Priest, other chiefs, courtiers, guards, &c.

ZOL. Approach Zarafa lend your aid to-day
 And you ye chiefs of all my faithful tribes,
 And thou right reverend priest, your wisdom bring
 To aid us in our twofold work to-day,
 In justice first, which should be void of rage
 Free from revenge, unmoved by outward fear,
 Unbought by favour and from bias free,
 For ever leaning unto Mercy's side ;
 Then in our grand and settled enterprise
 We seek advice from all the assembled court
 Of priests and councillors and every chief ;
 And mostly those whose natural office 'tis
 To dig and delve to build and to destroy ;
 Or we have set our hearts on this great scheme
 Whereof a part we now profound to you ;
 To build new cities, to construct highways,
 To bridge the yawning chasms, to drain the marsh,
 And place a tower on every mountain peak,
 That shall be eyes for us o'er all the land ;
 In each a chief shall hold his lesser court
 To check the lawless and refine the rude,
 So that the time may hap shall shortly be
 That trade and messengers, swift and secure,
 Can fly from us unto the farthest coast ;
 And not a helpless wife or orphan child
 May dread or meet with skaith in all the land.
 This would we do--but now the hour is come--
 Call up the prisoners--safe--but not in chains.



Enter Prisoners, viz :—The Chief Gabara, Amissa, the Concubine, and various others of lesser note ; also, two stalwart swarthy Arab Chiefs, Massoro and Wogara, Chiefs of the northern tribes.

Zoluman, looking disturbed and somewhat angry. Zamira, evidently uneasy at the presence and beauty of Amissa and the women.

ZOL. Faithful Zarafa lead the chief away
And fair Amissa ; place them not in chains
But guard them well in durance till the time
When we shall seek again to try their deeds :
Set free the rest, but call me those dark chiefs
For most my purpose holds with them to-day.

ZOL. Chiefs of the hostile tribes, ye knew my power
And yet ye dared to brave it and conspired
With those I name not, e'en to circumvent
And to surprise my fort by stratagem
With hopes to lay your base and wicked hands
Upon our Queen, ourselves, and all the state ;
At once, both traitors and most cowardly foes
What then the fate ye merit ? Is not death
(A soldier's honour) far too high for you ?
Speak ! we permit it, but be brief withal.

WOGARA. Oh ! powerful King ! and Chief of
mighty tribes,
Whate'er betide I bow my neck to fate ;
Yet twice I spared your life on that dread day,
As this your foe can say.

ZOL. Say, is it so, Chief of the northern tribes ?

MASSORO, It is—oh ! King of Kings !

ZOL. And thou—what sayest thou ?

MAS. I sought to take your life

And merit, as I look for, instant death.

ZOL. (solus) Now by yon sun, and by my sires' great bones,
By him who most in wisdom ever shines,
Here are two noble foes—it rends my heart
To give them up to death.

Zarafa, say

Is mercy weakness in a case like this ?

ZAR. The King in wisdom will decide the right.

ZOL. Then by my soul we give them back their life,

For it would blot our justice if we slay
Such true and valiant foes—let them go free.

Emotion in the prisoners—with murmurs and shouts of applause in court.

ARR. Right nobly ruled oh ! great and powerful King,

Ye truly are the son of Soluman.

ZAR. And mercy lends a grace unto his crown.

ZAM. (Smiling through her tears.) Oh ! noble husband good and gracious King.

The King now placid and satisfied, calls for the Men of Science ; they consult together; he then gives his plans and orders and dismisses the Court.

Exeunt Courtiers, &c.

Zoluman and Zamira alone.

ZAM. Oh ! noble King ! oh ! sweet and happy life !

Could we but always hope to live like this.
To see you great and brave, from passion free,
Then should I be content if the Great God
Should call me hence—yea ; were I no more Queen,

But lived and died as once—a cottage maid,
 I milked the goats and drove the flocks a-field,
 And sang and played throughout the livelong day.
 I should be happy if my Zolnoman
 Fulfilled the purpose of his noble sires,
 Ruling the land for his eternal fame
 And for the people's good.

The Queen, Zamira, now calls for her musical
 instruments, and sings in an alcove in the
 Garden.

SONG.

Oh ! happy Queen, once happy maid,
 As when in smiling fields I strayed,
 Sole daughter of the fair Zorayd.
 My mother dear.

I am a happy mother now,
 The star of power is on my brow,
 Yet love is in my heart below,
 Deep and sincere.

Love that can lift us to a throne,
 Or make us happy when unknown,
 My husband's love is all my own,
 His love so great.

The King hath laid his anger by,
 The clouds have left the stormy sky,
 We hail the star tranquility,
 Returning late.

Unlike the burning scenes before,
 The lightnings shoen, the thunders roar,
 Which smote, and scorched my heart so sore,
 'Mid all my state.

Ye towers so tall and fair to see,
 Ye bowers of every pleasant tree,
 How oft the Serpent lurks in ye,
 With tongue elate.

Whose poisoned fang and whispered hate,
 Forsake the peasants peaceful state,
 To hiss around the base and great,
 Up to the throne

But while my Zoluman is near,
 I cannot; will not, yield to fear,
 He is the sun of all my sphere,
 My own, my own,

Enter Zoluman, Zarafa, Arrama, and several Wise Men, walking in the Gardens.

ZAR. But sire we count it wise the King should be

The fount of law and honour to the realm.

ZOL. Well good Zarafa let these tables be Arranged, collated, and receive our seal When they have met approval and consent Of these Wise Men, our Councillors, And at their head our high and sacred Priest. We wish to rule so that the meanest hind Shall be as safe as our well-guarded Queen ;

(The Queen heard singing.)

As free from fears—as happy in their home As she is in her bower.

(Zamira sings.)

But while my Zoluman is near,
 I cannot, will not, yield to fear,
 He is the sun of all my sphere,
 My own, my own.

Zamira screams—they break in upon her privacy in the Garden, and find her much moved ; a Serpent having crawled across her path and recalled her former dream. Enter private messenger with a letter from Amisa to the King.

and the following day

between 10 and 11 a.m.

and the following day

between 10 and 11 a.m.

and the following day

between 10 and 11 a.m.

and the following day

between 10 and 11 a.m.

and the following day

between 10 and 11 a.m.

and the following day

between 10 and 11 a.m.

and the following day

between 10 and 11 a.m.

ZOL. What is't, my love ? lo Zoluman is near,
 Repeat that strain and yield not now to fear,
 Look not appalled, we brook no rivals here,
 My own, my own.

ZAM. Oh ! my great Lord, 'tis but a passing
 cloud,
 Some recollections of a hideous dream,
 A Serpent crawled across my garden path.
 Come let us in, the night grows chill and cold,
 The Bulbul's note hath lost its sweetness now,
 And the great moon looks sickly—let us in.

ZOL. What ails thee, Queen—who sang so sweet,
 but now—

ZAR. Dread Lord, her song had stolen the
 Bulbul's voice.

ARR. And the great moon looks pale to envy her.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

ACT II.

Scene III. Night in the Streets of Gondahr.

The King disguised, is waiting for his evil-genius,
 Istafer.

ZOL. (solus.) Zarafa sleeps, my evil-genius
 wakes,
 And lo yon star now sinks in endless night,
 A type of my resolves. I feel my soul
 Like the fleet hound long vexed within the leash
 Start forward, panting, or as my noble steed
 Unduly curbed rebounds with double speed,
 So my vexed passions chafing in my breast
 By long restraint, now break through all control.

We'll pass the night in revelry, and then
Be virtuous with the morn. Ah! ah! ah!

ISTAFAR. Well met, oh! King!
The game's a-foot, we'll have great joy anon.

ZOL. Where go we Istafar? is my disguise
Such as we wish it? Call me not the King;
Thou shalt be Zoluman, I, Istafar.

• IST. If it so please you—be you Istafar,
Your royal mother would not know her son;
But an it please you call me not the King.

ZOL. Well, we'll dispense with names, but lead
us on,
Where is this revelry you promised us.

IST. This way to yonder tent; that cursed moon
Sinks slow to darkness. Soon the murky night
Will close us round and hide from every eye.
Be you Ibrahim, I will be Zamar.

Tents of Officers, Chiefs, and Concubines, feasting.
Enter Ibrahim and Zamar.—Chorus of voices
Ah, right welcome, now; here come two Chiefs,
As by their looks we know.

JBR. Wine, wine; good friends, I thirst for
glorious wine;
(Drinks deep.)

And by the moon 'tis a delicious wine;
If but your feasting be as good, we will
Stay and enjoy and be your latest guests.

ZAM. Friend, I will pledge you that the feast
shall be
In all things chief, in viands, wine, and songs,
And in bright eyes whose fire and witching grace
Shall chase the hours and make us fear the morn,

IBR. Then let us take our fill of joy 'till day.
Wake with the rosy hours to shame the night.

They feast and drink excessively, attended by
Slaves and Concubines, very voluptuous and
captivating.

ZAMIR to IBRAHAM. Saw ye that Sprite that
passed the cup to me,
She seems some Houri from the realms of bliss.

IST. Yea and my eyes have drunk so deep of her
I fain would steep my lips at the same fount.
She comes this way, make room, my good Zamar.

(Enter Safara, a most bewitching Courtesan.)

SAF. (to Ibr. or Zol.) Oh wondrous chief, let me
supply your needs.
Here are sweet fruits, enjoy, drink deep of bliss.

IBR. Come sit by me, you are the sweetest fruit,
I'll pluck and I'll enjoy.

(Kisses her.)

ZAM. Now by my soul these revels whirl apace,
Each chief lets loose his soul, and the choice wines
Now rouse the passions, while these syrens bring
Fresh charms each moment, then the dance, the song
And the whole chorus, whose voluptuous limbs
And flashing eyes fill up the fitful hours
That shall enthrall the soul of Zoluman,
And lead him captive to Amissa's feet,
Right well Safara plies her unknown task,
Him for herself to win, but I--for me--
For her, who pants to hold him once again,
A slave within her powerful silken charms.

Ibrahim and Safara are deep in guilty love.
Enter near them, two Chiefs,

1ST CHIEF. Think ye Gabara will away with her
Now that the King hath wholly cast her off ?

2ND CHIEF. So rumour speaks, since now that
they are free,

Untended but by one slave's sleepy eyes,
I saw them now some few short hours ago,
In deep and loving converse near the fort,
All free her beauteous limbs, her face divine
Uplifted to the moon, enchanting ! fair !
While her large eyes, rolled like two liquid orbs
Of changing light, for she was moved to tears,
But her proud soul refused to let them flow,
Meanwhile Gabara urged her instant flight,
With all the pathos born of love and fear.

(ZOL. as IBRAHIM.) Ah, is it so ? then must I
quick away,

Though it now rends my heart to leave this maid,
Hist ! Good Zamar ! shall we withdraw at once,
I would refresh me with the cooling breeze.

ZAMAR. We will anon, keep up the game awhile,
Then when I come, rise-up and follow me.

The revels grow louder. Exeunt Ibrahim and
Zamar.

The Fort and Prison.

Enter (unseen) Ibrahim and Zamar,
Gabara, and Amissa, in loving converse.

GAB. Come my beloved ! come be my only
Queen !

Come let us fly this cursed fort, ere morn
Shall wake to find us once again in chains ;
The King's vile lust at length is sated quite,

Or he has fallen on coarser food withal.
 Leaving your heavenly beauties for a bride
 As cold and constant, as the northern moon,
 Or sunk ere this in revelry and wine.
 He sates his soul with one as dark and foul,
 As you are pure and fair, oh ! come away !

AMI. Great chief Gabara, if I thought it so,
 I'd fly with you to your strong northern towers,
 And we would fight with him until his throne,
 (Long tottering) fell beneath our rising power.
 My soul would hate him e'en as I do hate
 His pale and placid meek-eyed moping bride,
 Who shudders when my shadow lights on her.
 Yet is she good and fair, and constant too,
 And if he so debases his great soul,
 And leaves her light for dark Safara's eyes,
 I never more shall eare to look on him,
 But fly with you—until the fateful morn
 When you shall plant your eagle flag above
 His ramparts and his towers.

GAB. Then will I bring
 Proofs that shall satisfy your donbting soul
 And make you wholly mine.

ZOL. (aside) Look to him Istafar, and see he die,
 Hurl his foul bones to feed the prowling wolf ;
 Thus perish all who seek to thwartz the King.

Exit Gabara, when he is met by Istafar and slain,

IST. Stay treacherous dog, receive thy fate and die.
 (Stabs Him.)

ZOL. (alone) Is she not beauteous, now behold she
 weeps,
 And by my soul she weeps for love of me,

See the proud rage pent up within her breast
 Now breaks its bonds, and like a fiery flood
 Abrades, consumes, the fountain whence it flows,
 See those proud limbs! how every step reveals
 The passions that declare her born a queen.
 Oh when I see her thus my amorous soul,
 Forgetful of all ties, all faith, all truth,
 Impels me forward nor will let me pause
 Until I make her mine. Stay now she speaks.

AM. (solus.) Oh would that Istafar, my earlier
 love

Had never brought me here—he never loved,
 But traded on my beauty, and deceived
 My once good simple heart, that he thereby
 Might rise to evil power. I know his wiles,
 And I much fear Gabara's life this night
 Must pay the forfeit of his honest love,
 I do afford him pity, and these tears
 Are half compelled by his untoward fate.
 He loves, he fain would snatch me from the gulf,
 That ever yawning opens at my feet,
 Such dangers lurk round those who love a King :
 I leagued with him—(led on by Istafar)
 To seize the King and to exert my power,
 And undermine the virtue in his breast
 Yet loved I most, when most adverse he seemed,
 I loved the King ; oh ! had I been his Queen,
 I would have watched him with a thousand eyes,
 My heart had looked a thousand devious ways
 To pluck the evil from his perilous path,
 That leads him on to greatness ! nor should he
 Have known ('till late) the hand that strewed the
 flowers,



And built the chaplet to adorn his brow ;
 But if Gabara bring me proofs, this night
 Shall end the struggle in my trembling breast.
 I will away—will fly with him—afar,
 Cut out this plague spot from my guilty breast,
 And let each pure and placid impulse beat,
 Sweet measures henceforth to his honest love,
 As when I was a maid ; yet ah, my soul,
 How hard it is to fight against that love
 Whieh so absorbs me for the guilty King.
 I could tear out my eyes, my hair, my tongue,
 That thus confesses such a fruitless love.
 Safara too : a dark and wicked wretch,
 Who poisons all who only look on her—
 How many chiefs have fed the wolves through
 her ?

How many graves lie thick upon her path ?
 What midnight revels have disgraced the land ?
 What treasons there have hatched their serpent
 brood ?

Long hath she cast her eyes upon the throne :
 And now I see two graves rise at her will,
 Mine and another—ere she wins the prize ;
 A prize no more—if it can so be won.
 Peace, oh ! my breast, I will await the proof,
 And if the King hath fallen so base, so low,
 I will away and fly the guilty land,
 And leave the King ! the King !

Walking to and fro, she awaits Gabara.

ZOL. Amissa, my beloved, behold me near,
 You call the King, the King, who loves you still.

Approaches as if to embrace her, she starts back in surprise.

Come to my arms, the Queen shall be deposed.
 Gabara dies, and yon vile Istafar
 Shall see no mornings light ! Oh come
 And reign henceforth—beloved ! my only Queen.

AMI. Oh my poor heart—the good Gabara slain ?
 The Queen deposed, and Istafar to die.
 At what a price we tread the awful steep,
 That reaches to a throne ; what then of her
 Whose name doth blister all who whisper it ?

ZOL. Safara !

AMI. Aye Safara !

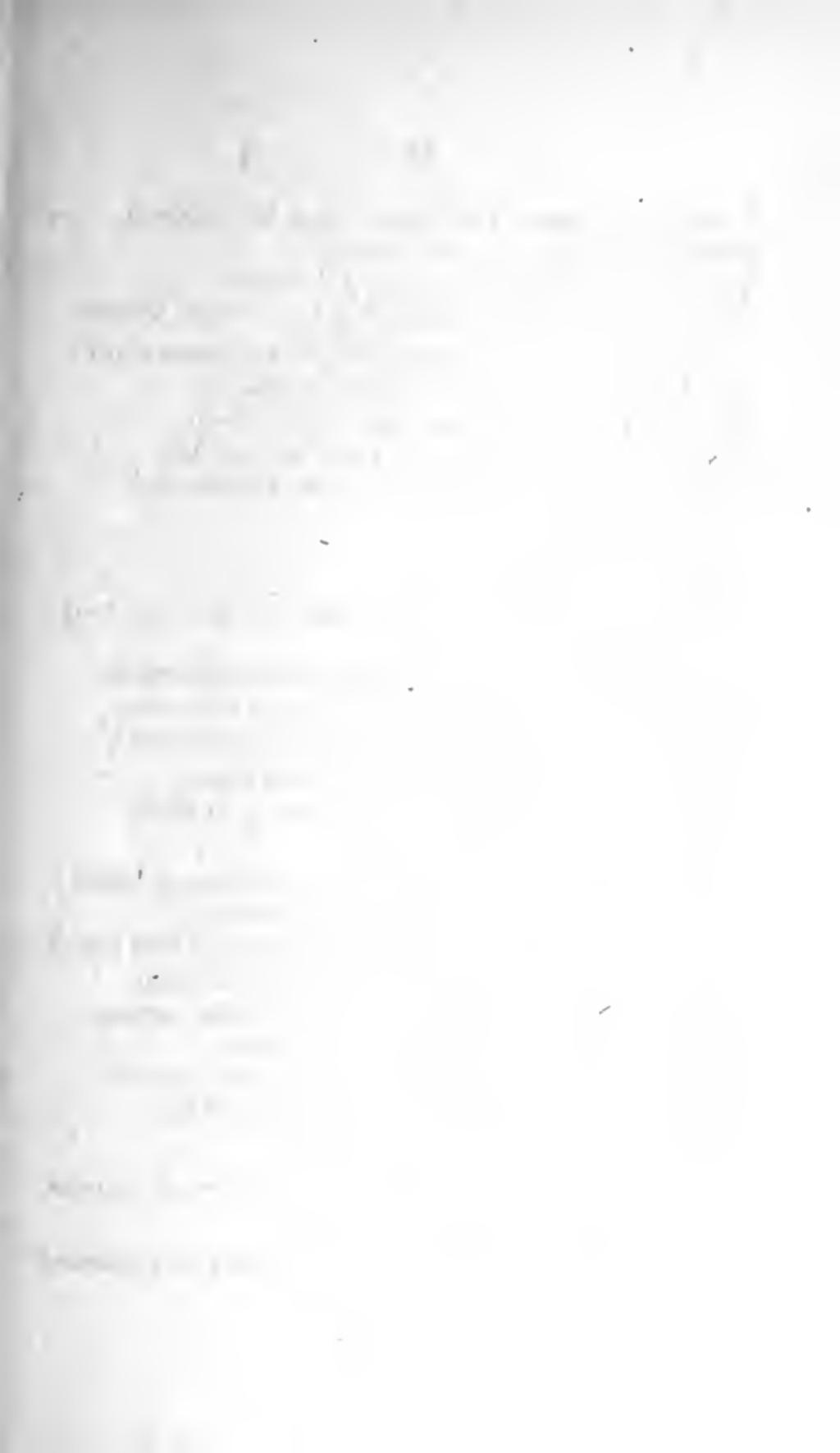
ZOL. Fear her no more, come reign my only Queen,

Bring all your train, yourself shall henceforth be
 Next to myself. Come let my soul have rest ;
 Take all my power—disperse each hated chief,
 And let your soul be sated with revenge,
 So that you yield, I care not whom you slay.
 Come my Amissa, come.

AMI. Think ye that I delight in scenes of blood ?
 Or love to walk o'er newly risen graves ?
 Leave that to treacherous Kings and the vile brood
 Whom base Safara leads. I love the Queen,
 Nor would her gentle soul should suffer wrong,
 She's liker far a Seraph than a Queen,
 And longs for peace in some lone country dell,
 While I must brave the very gates of Hell,
 To seat me on her throne.

ZOL. (impatiently.) Shall it be so—oh ! speak
 and be a Queen !

AMI. Queen to a King who loves a thousand
 wives,



Unsettled as the wind. More constant far
Each bird that flutters, or the insects wing.

ZOL. Bees seek for honey, birds for food and
flowers.

Man seeks his mate, but Kings are plagued indeed ;
They seek through thousands, but to find a Queen
Whom I have found in thee, and lovelier far
Than bec, or bird, or honey breathing flowers.
Come my beloved ! and be my future Queen,

AMI. I yield oh King—yet must you henceforth
be

True King unto your Queen. For if I come
I go not hence 'till all avenging death
Shall cut the tie that makes us only one.

ZOL. Then be it so—so that you come—I yield.
I will be King but in the tented field
And 'mongst my chiefs, but you shall be the
Queen.

AMI. I yield my Lord, I come.

ZOL. Oh ! my beloved ! my sweet Amissa fair !
A thousand ages cannot pattern you.

*They embrace with great feeling.—Istafur looks in,
laughs, and departs.*

ACT II. SCENE IV.

A Large Cave in the Mountains, in a Grove Sacred
to Islam.

Enter Conspirators.

BISHILLO, Priest of Islam.

ISTA FAR, Chief of the Conspirators.

MISALLA, Priestess and Witch.
 Chiefs, Eunuchs, and Concubines.
 ZARAFA, disguised and unknown.

Time—after midnight—large fire burning.

BIS. Arouse the fire, the air grows chill and cold,
 By that methinks I scent the morning dawn,
 And yet he comes not,—where is Istafar?

IST. Dread Priest of Islam, doubt not thou the deed,

The King is ours, he will be here auon ;
 Amissa reigns supreme o'er all his soul,
 She soon will lead him to this sacred grove,
 To seek thy power, and to abjure his Gods,
 And bend his knee at holy Islam's shrine.

1ST CHIEF. He comes, dread priest, make way, he comes ! he comes !

2ND CHIEF. Nor goes he hence, until he bend his will,

To our designs, so will we henceforth rule,—
 Though he is King—a King but in the name.

ZAR. (solus.) Ah, is it so ? methought it wondrous strange,

So many chiefs should leave the banqueting
 With all its joys of dainties, mirth, and wine,
 And witching eyes, to seek this horrid cave
 In midnight hours ; alas, the mighty King !
 My royal sire ! what woes this night may bring.

Enter Zolumn and Amissa.

BISH. MIS. CHIEFS, (Chorus) All hail the King,
all hail the beauteous Queen !

ZOL. Hail mighty chiefs, dread Priest and Priestess pale !

Whose wondrous power beyond all mortal ken,
Lays bare the secrets of the awful dead
And penetrates the worlds beyond the tomb ;
Give me but proofs, shew me my future deeds,
My contests fierce, until my life's last close,
And I will bend my knee at Islam's shrine,
And build me towers, and plant large sacred groves,
For all the prophet's tribe.

MIS. Come then this way,
See these warm entrails and those reeking limbs,
Behold in these your foes, they come ! they come !
The soldiers of yon Queen of all the seas,
See their fierce throbs to reach your central fort ;
But see the King (by holy Islam's aid)
And by my power outstrips them in the race,
Look what a heap of slain, see there ! the King !
He fights ! he lives ! he looks ! he dies ! the King !

ZOL. Enough dread priestess, I am henceforth
yours,
Bishillo lead us to your sacred shrine
We worship and adore.

BIS. Wilt thou first spare the threatened life of
one
Who is thy faithful son—thy Istafar.

ZOL. We will, we will, and henceforth let him
live.

BIS. Wilt thou re-call those cursed pale-faced
foes !

Place them again in chains, nor let them free,
'Till death relax their bonds.

ZOL. We will—we will—

BIS. Wilt thou henceforth depose thy former
Queen,
And hold Amissa as the rightful power,
With all her house—and Queen of all the land,

ZOL. Let it be so—we swear she is the Queen.

BIS. Then let us on into the holiest shrines.
And seek the aid of Allah, ever great,
Confirm the rites that make Amissa Queen,
And then adjourn to scenes of light and joy.

They penetrate into a second cave gloriously illuminated.

Exit Zarafa, amazed at the beauty and power of Amissa.

ZAR. (solus.) Now is the King undone—unless
my hand,
And hers, the Queen ; and his our holy Priest,
Can draw him hence, and break the mighty spell.
Aid us ye gods—oh, royal Zoluman !
O, man of might ! How is the mighty fallen ?
But I must hence unto the patient Queen,
Ah me ! I scent disasters in the air ;
Feuds, griefs, and woes, and all the back recoil
Of wise designs ! how well his royal feet
Trod firm the giddy pinnacle of power,
And yet how soon he falls—and all the realm.
Grant me ye gods the mighty gift of power,
To be the prop of all this tottering state,
To shield the Queen, and to protect his race.
If not—I care not when I close mine eyes.
Yet will I guard him to his latest hour,
Protect him with the sacred sevenfold shield,



Whose signs shall scatter by their mystic power,
 The woes that weave their wiles around his soul ;
 I'll gladly die when I have baffled those,
 And foiled the schemes of yon base caitif crew,
 That wicked priest and yon most hideous hag ;
 But ah ! 'tis not in them that lies the charm,
 Amissa's eyes have wrought us all this harm.

Exit Zarafa. Curtain falls

ACT III.

Scene I.—The Port at Massorah.

Ships visible at sea,—Tents visible on land,—Soldier's shouting.

Hurrah ! Hurrah !! Hurrah !!!

1ST SOLDIER. What is the noise about ; why shout they so to-day ?

2ND SOLDIER. The ships have come and brought us ample stores,

Fresh rations, clothing, mules, and beef, and wine ;

New clothes—with news of great Sir Rupert.

1ST SOL. Why what a medley in your talk to-day,
 Among the rations you have classed the mules,
 Amongst the clothes—Sir Rupert,
 As if we all must live on asses's flesh,
 And have for our commander one who knows
 More of the tailor's business than his own.

2ND SOL. Why there it is—the business is his own—

If he cares not for food, and mules, and clothes,
 We ne'er shall see Maragdah. So you see

To be a good commander—one must be
A grocer and a tailor.

1ST SOL. I was a grocer once, and near had been
A tailor too, my father was—but yet
I ne'er shall reach the height of our commander,
I cannot make it out—but yet will I
Be first to enter (if I see that day)
Maragdah's Fort, when e'er the storming comes.

2ND SOL. And so will I, let's strike our hands
upon't,
We will be true and stick by one another,
And who can tell, we may fresh laurels gain,
Be first within the fort, capture the chief,
And gain the praise of our commander too,
And hear our name in every mouth at home ;
Then if we live we'll gain that glorious cross
Call'd "Virtuosa" and retire at ease,
Well pensioned, cared for in our later days.

And if we die

1ST SOL. We die and all is o'er.

Shouts heard,—Hurrah ! Hurrah ! ! Hurrah ! ! !
(Enter Messenger.)

1ST and 2ND SOL. What now, why shout they so ?

MESSENGER. The great Sir Rupert's come,
Rupert the soldier, peerless, brave, and free.

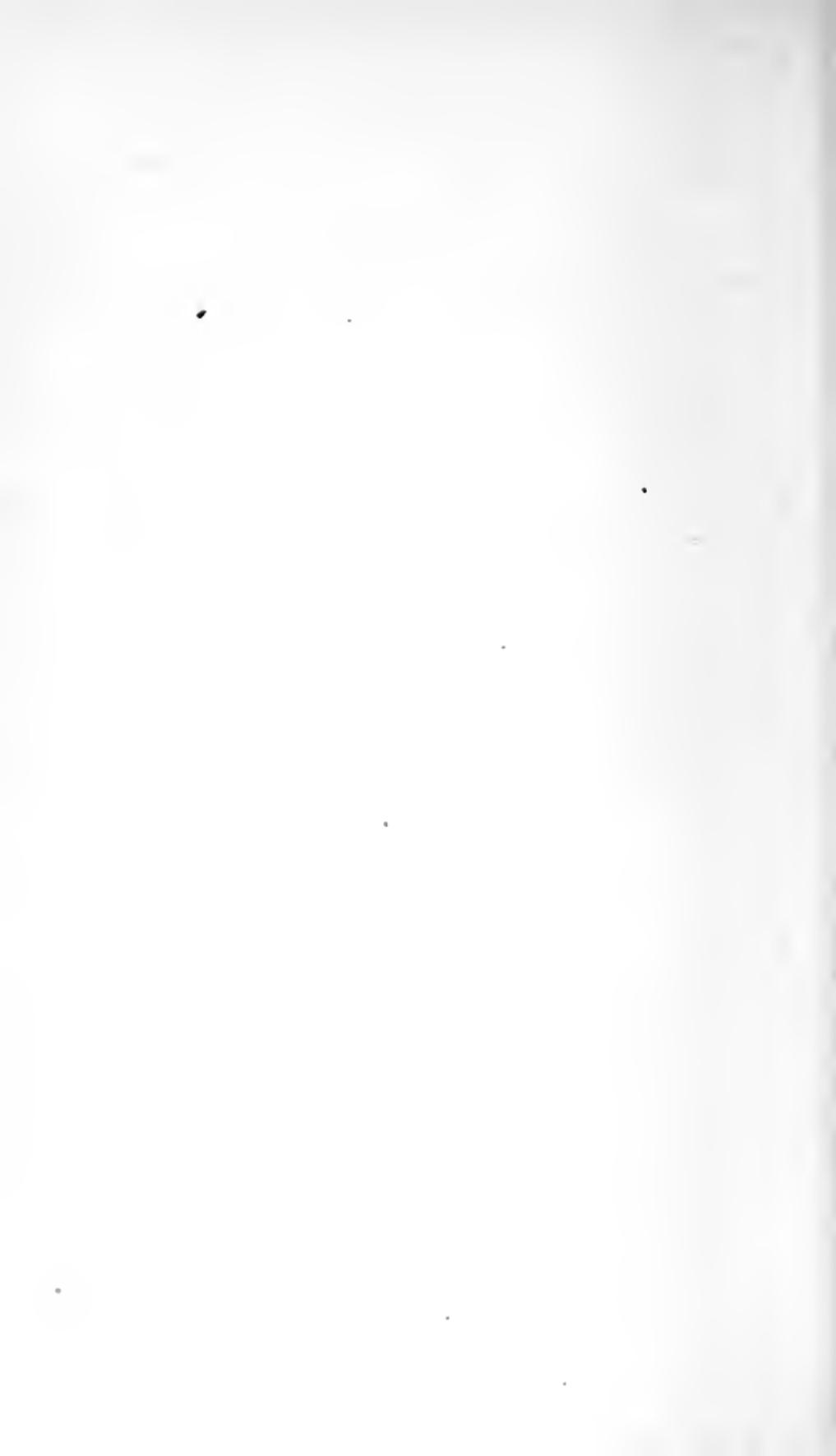
1ST SOL. Give me my drum, it ne'er shall yet be
said

I welcomed not so great a chief as he.
(*Rub-a-dub-dub.*)

2ND SOL. Nor I.

MESSENGER. Nor I.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! ! Hurrah ! ! !



MESSENGER. Now will we soon be all upon the
march,
And fetch that fox out of his kennel too,
And shake him as a terrier shakes a rat,
And set the prisoners free--hurrah ! hurrah !
Three cheers for great Sir Rupert and the Queen.

2ND SOL. Ah boast not so--the common talk
runs on
That we have near five hundred miles to go--
O'er mountain peaks, deep dells, and forests wide,
Down rushing sears, and chasms, and cataracts,
Where water rushes backward, and where streams
And rivers run with foam of poisoned blood ;
Where fiery serpents, having many heads,
With scorpion tails and wings, and double stings.
The people too--ah, fearful--well-a-day--
When shall we see Maragdah and return
To Brentford once again--ah, me.

1ST SOL. Tush ! now be brave, 'tis but a month
or so
Ere we shall reach the fort and slay the King,
And set the prisoners free ; and then return
And have a merry happy glorious time.
We'll wind about the chasms, and skirt the hills,
And slay the serpents ; and we'll leave behind
The poor wild savages who fill the land.
We'll plant our flag upon Maragdah's towers,
And just come down again and get us home.
Keep heart, therefore, and hold together now,
Both you and I, and this our comrade too,
And we shall live to see our home again,
And to be happy too.

MESSENGER. Agreed, now let us go and seek for food,
And drink success, for drinking does me good.

ALL. Agreed. Then be it so, give us your hands. Agreed.

Enter three soldiers.—Ah ! well met, the son of the tailor of Brentford ; and you, and you, ah ! ah ! how go ! well met ! let us go seek the canteen up this way, and have a good carouse.

Exeunt Soldiers.

Tent of Officers of the Staff.

Time, evening.—Officers at mess.

1ST OFFICER. (Col. Mainstay) At last our chief is come, this happy news Will cheer our souls and lighten all our care.

2ND OFFICER. (Captain Constant.) Thanks for your tidings, now our tedious days Of dull suspense will as by magic change To noble deeds and full of high emprise.

3RD OFFICER. Sir Rupert come ! then hence with sloth and rust, Which frets the soul, e'en as the canker worm Destroys the ship—as garments by the moth So these long days, these tedious dull delays, Sap the foundation of our martial strength, And eat our armies as the locust tribes Eat up the spring and leave a blight behind. Thanks for the change ; all hail our valiant chief, We'll drink a bumper to his peerless soul. Sir Rupert ! hail ! hurrah !

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,

COL. MAINSTAY. On with the feast, bring out the
choicest wines,

Let us carouse until the evening gun ;
Then will we snatch our light-lid soldier's rest,
And as the lark which mounts to meet the sun,
So will we all anticipate the morn,
And rouse the troops by early bugle call,
That he—Sir Rupert—our most peerless chief
May find us ready for our great emprise :
Dismiss all care—send round that sparkling wine,
Enjoy the feast, with mirth and pleasant song,
In due control as soldiers of the Queen
And sons of sires whose deeds and glorious names
Have fired your souls to this great enterprise,
As pure and matchless as those Holy Knights
Who spent their lives redressing human wrongs ;
Who lived and died and in their armour sleep
Until that fabled morn when they shall rise
At their great leader's voice to save the land.
Meantime we cry—all hail Sir Rupert—hail !
And also cry thrice hail our virtuous Queen !
Now may confusion light on all her foes,
And most on this wild lion of Gondahr.
The Queen—the Chief—all hail ?

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

The feast goes on with music and songs, &c., far on into the night.

OFFICER'S SONG.

Here's to the loves we left behind
In the land so brave and free,
The valley farm, the village spire,
And the brave old trysting tree.

Oft in my dreams at early morn,
 As we sailed o'er the stormy main,
 I saw thy smiling fields of corn,
 And climbed thy woods and bowers again.

Through num'rous years and changeful climes,
 From Lapland cold, to fierce Lahore,
 From England's joys to India's crimes,
 And all the vengeful scenes of yore.

The rapid march, the broiling sun,
 The foe dispersed, pursued, and slain ;
 'Till Delhi's towers and evening gun,
 Proclaimed us victors once again.

Down to this rugged unknown shore,
 Through every changing fateful scene,
 My native home, thy woods, thy bowers,
 Thy smiling fields so fresh and green.

They're with me still each evening lone,
 In battle's march, or stormy sea,
 I hear my Mary sigh and moan,
 I meet her near the trysting tree.

“ Back to thy shores and silvery foam,
 O'er surging seas I'll gladly ride ;
 Until I reach my happy home,
 Where I'll remain whate'er betide.”

Blessed with a bride, in love I'll live,
 Nor ever tempt a falling tear,
 But henceforth all my thoughts I'll give
 To what can please my Mary dear.

Encore ! Another Song.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

There's health on the mountains when wild breezes blow ;
 There's life in the fountains where pure waters flow ;
 There's beauty in wild woods when forest flowers glow,
 And the sweetest of wild fruit hangs under the bough,





The fox-glove, the tulip, the poppy, may flare,
 The rose and the lily may scent the glad air,
 But the daisy and violet are fairest I vow,
 For the sweetest of wild fruit hangs under the bough.

Though eagles mount upward to gaze on the sun,
 And peacocks may flaunt in the colours of noon,
 Yet the mavis or blackbird and linnet I trow,
 Are the sweetest of songsters that hang on the bough.

Wit, learning, ambition, may tower in their pride,
 While riches and beauty look down to deride ;
 But worth that is humble and modest I know—
 Like the sweetest of wild fruit hangs under the bough.

Cities, palaces, towers may flaunt and look fair,
 And mountains shoot upward to darken the air ;
 But mine be a cot in the valleys below,
 Near the woods where the wild fruit hangs under the bough.

A queen may be gracious, a noble serene,
 A lady delightful, though haughty of mien ;
 But a maid of the village is sweetest, I vow,
 For the best of the wild fruit hangs under the bough.

Scene the same.

Camp in darkness—sentinel at his post. Time midnight—moonlight.

Enter Sir Rupert the Peerless, and Col. Fairweather.

SENTINEL. Who goes? now stay and give us first the sign.

SIR R. and COL. F. The Queen! the Queen!

SENTINEL. Advance—the countersign is our great Chief.

The camps are all in darkness save yon one
 Wherein is lodged our Chief.

SIR R. All's well—brave sentinel, be but discreet
 And look for us as we return this way,
 But sleep not at thy post, for we are now
 Upon the soil of a most wakeful foe,
 Keep watch until the stars begin to pale,
 Then sound the loud reveille, arouse the drum
 That calls us all to arms.

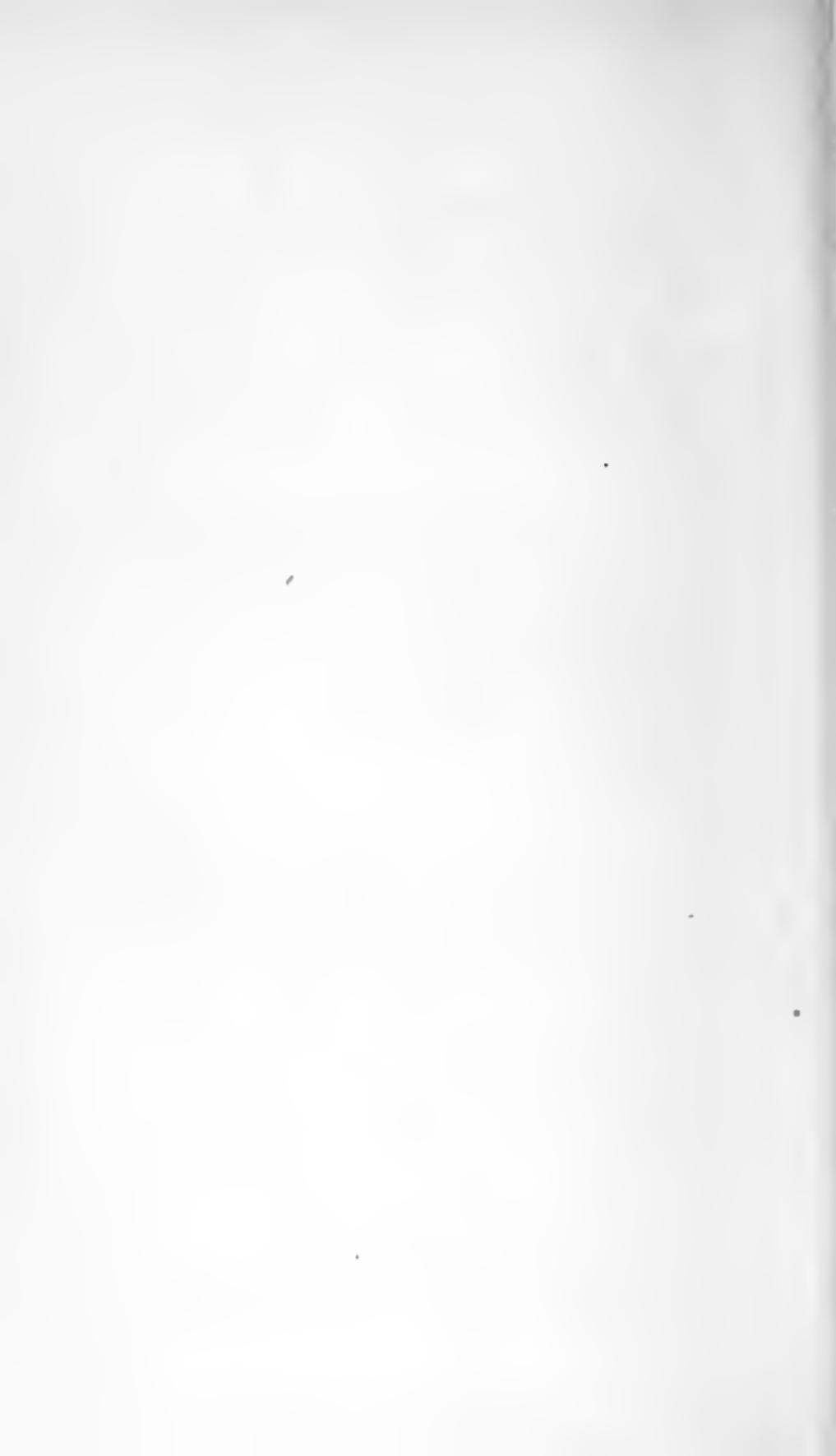
Exeunt.

Another part of the Camp. Time—early morning.

SIR R. to COL. F.—Lo : all is safe, now will we
 seek our tent
 And take a few short hours of sweet repose,
 But go thou now, before us in advance
 Of all the field and pilot out the way,
 Negotiate with the people of the land
 Gauge all our dangers, weigh each wild report
 Sifting what's true from shadowy, false and strange,
 Take with thee wise, experienceed, stalwart men,
 With scouts and spies ; but let their conduct be
 True and unswerving, merciful and just.
 We war, not with the meanest savage tribe.
 Our way lies always through each chiefs goodwill,
 And honest deeds, unto Maragdah's Fort,
 We war with him—the tyrant of this land,
 To break his power, and set our people free.
 Let no base deeds of lust or ruthless power,
 Mark our advance ; conciliate every foe.
 Save one—the King—for him will I account
 Unto my Queen. Good Night !

Farewell ! Adieu !

COL. F. Farewell, great chief, for so shall I
 obey,



As I do hope to see my native land,
Or if I fall, to meet again above.

(They embrace.)

Exeunt.

—
Camp, Morning.—Preparing for the Review.

Enter Messenger from Virtuosa, the Queen. (To left.)

Enter Messenger from Col. Fairweather. (To right.)

Enter Soldiers, with Spies, as Prisoners, captured by Colonel Fairweather. Soldiers drawn up for Parade. Enter Sir Rupert, on horseback, surrounded by his Staff. Bugle sounds. Sir Rupert reviews and addresses the army.

SIR RUPERT. Soldiers of England, and our Gracious Queen,

We start on our most glorious march, to-day ;
This our advance, through unknown rugged wilds,
Through mountain passes, defiles, yawning deep,
With rocky chasms, dried-up forgotten streams,
Stretching far hence for full five hundred miles,
And o'er the tops of hills that scale the clouds,
Shall yet be famed beyond the lasting praise,
Which justly halos that illustrious host,
And him who led them safe to Euxine's sea ;
Now gird your loins ; let each rejoice to-day
That fate hath called him to this arduous war,
Better one day with this our valiant host
Than years' of ease in pensioned pomp at home,
We march right on, resistless to avenge
Our country's honour 'gainst a daring foe,
This tyrant Negus—King of Kings—whose sway
Is blasting as the Upas tree, whose shade
Is fateful, withering, wheresoe'er it falls :
Our countrymen who linger there in-chains,

We go to pluck as brands from out his ire,
 Which like the senseless element consumes
 Alike both friend and foe—we go to set them free.
 No plunder shall disgrace our country's arms,
 Soldiers of our most glorious island home,
 And ye who fought in Indian lands with me,
 And you my trusty chiefs, upon you all,
 On each depends our honour and success.
 Think of the deeds your sires in warlike fields
 Ere now have done ; Richard at Ascalon,
 And ye of Belgium, we of Delhi too,
 And those who toiled 'neath India's blazing sun,
 Who sealed the ramparts and dispersed the foe
 That howled round Lucknow as hyænas howl
 And thirst for human blood ; behold to-day
 We start upon as great as good a strife
 As each I name. Let now the sanctity
 Of country's love, of valour, and of right
 Nerve every arm, and fire each soldier's breast.
 Call up each name of power, each valiant deed,
 Time hath emblazoned on our country's fame ;
 Let every soldier feel himself a chief,
 Let every leader now aspire to serve ;
 Let strong endurance bind us all in one !
 The sense of this great service nobly done,
 Shall leave its light upon all future time.
 Yet let obedience be your safety now,
 For valour here to discipline must yield,
 Patience to-day, like courage in the field
 Shall meet with due observance and reward.
 Reflect how England trusts in you to-day—
 Behold the eyes of every clime and land—
 And hers, the Queen are turned upon this host ;
 Yea, and His eye, that like yon gorgeous sun

Is never dimmed by slumber or by sleep,
 Now looks approving from His heavenly seat,
 And as we act in purity, so He
 Will bless our arms and grant us peace and rest,
 When labours o'er, the prisoners all released,
 And our just vengeance poured upon the foe,
 We shall return to gladden England's eyes,
 To stretch our limbs, and gain our meed of praise.
 Leaving our deeds for future fame to tell,
 How well ye fought, how great Maraghda fell.
 Behold the morning sun, roll out the drum,
 Hurl forth the meteor flag upon the breeze,
 And cry all hail the Queen !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

(Curtain falls.)

ACT III.

Scene II.—Court at Gondahr.

Time, early morning. —Same day as last act.

Zoluman is seen alone at his palace gates, at morning prayers, in plain undress ; his head bared, his hair platted, and himself looking very sad and fierce, his eyes bloodshot, as after a night's carouse.

ZOL. Now will we in and face our court to-day,
 And see what news these messengers do bring.

Enter Zoluman, with Amissa, the Queen ; Zarafa, Bishillo, the Mussulman High Priest ; Arrama, the Abouna, or High Priest, (Christian) ; Istafar, Courtiers, Women, Guards, &c,

Zoluman and Amissa seated on the throne.

Enter Istafar, leading forward a European Messenger, with a letter from "Virtuosa," Queen of the Isles and the Sea. The King reads the letter and seems gratified.

Enter Second Messenger with letter from the Court and
Emperor of Frankistan, written by a chief of that Court
The King reads, seems elated with these embassies, but
a cloud is on his brow.

ZOL. All hail, great servant of your gracious
Queen,

Come near, accept rewards and praise from us,
Be ever near, we count you as our friend,
And pay to you the thanks we owe the Queen.

Consul C. then sits at the right hand of the King and Queen.

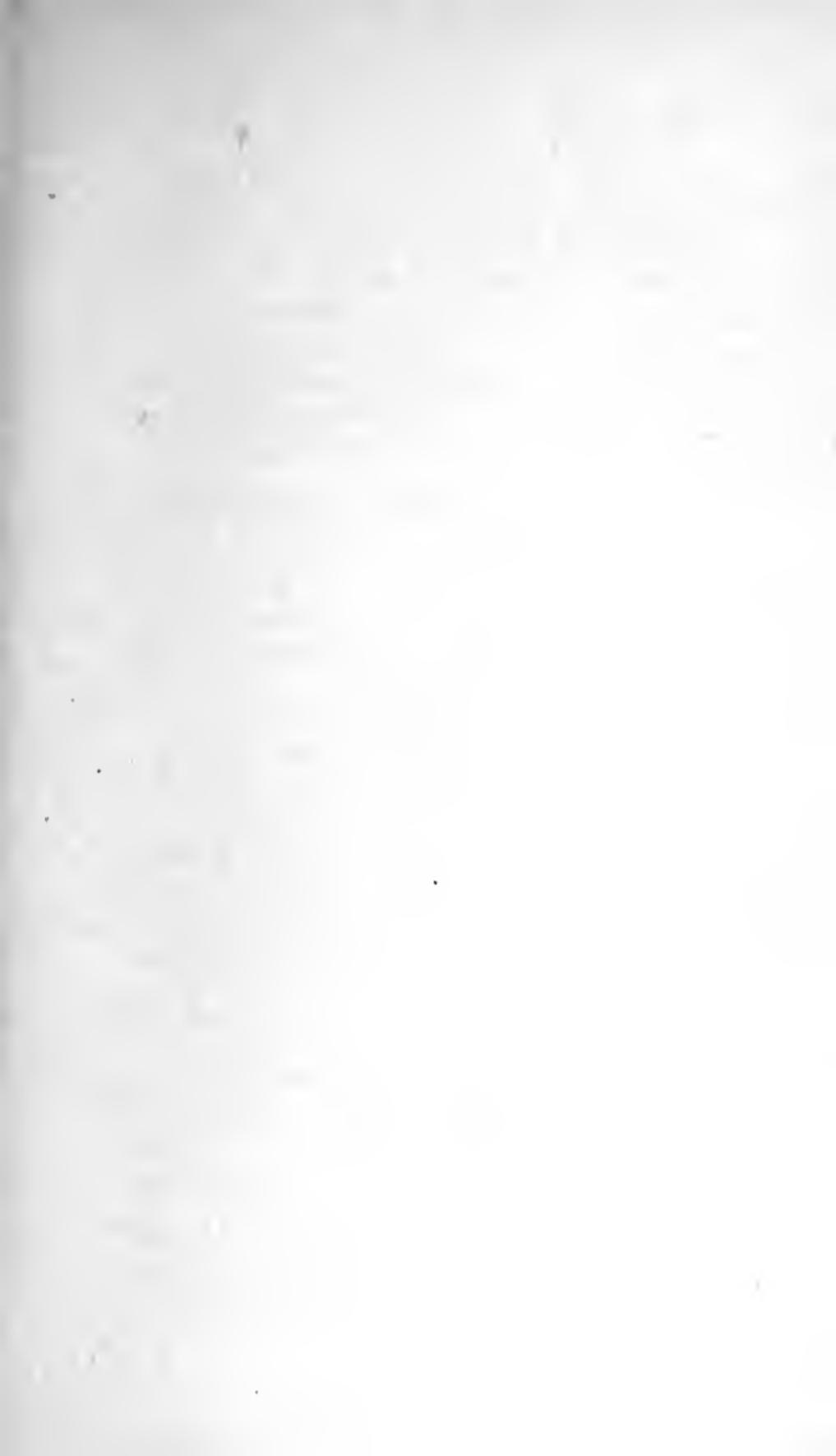
The King continues.

But unto you from Frankistan, the fair,
What thanks we give are to your person due,
For faithful services so well performed
Deserve reward ; but here my praise must end.
We sent an embassy unto your King,
Writ by ourselves, who are the King of Kings,
And destined yet to conquer every land.
His too, who now (forgetful of that grace
Which holds its seat within the breast of Kings,)
Hath after long and insolent delays
Dispatched a message by his servant's pen,
Now deigns to give reply to our commands,
Dispatched to him with every honour due.
The time is come when we must teach these
Kings
To know they live but by our clemency.
Retire ! oh Frank ! and let your master know
We will not so be served.

Exit M. Le Jean.

Enter Messenger with important dispatches, led by Zarafa.

ZAR. Oh powerful sovereign ! son of Soluman,
We bring you news of great and dread import ;



News of an army landed on your shores.
From her the Queen of all the isles and seas

Zoluman reads the dispatches, then in great rage and
perturbation calls Istafar.

ZOL. Haste, take fresh troops, and swift, at
once pursue

Those white-faced traitors, our most deadly foes,
Swift—bring them back, and place them all in
chains.

And you, Sir Consul, we must safely guard,
As hostage for your Queen.

Enter the deposed Queen Zamira leading her boy
Alamayou

ZAM. Great lord and king, dread Sovereign of my
soul,

Sire of my boy, we henceforth bid adieu
To all these scenes of pomp and evil power,
Long have I mourned upon my widowed bed
These guilty acts, which prey upon the land,
Once smiling land, a happy chosen place
Where peace and plenty crowned each peasant's horde,
Each chief contented, and my glorious king
Was powerful, calm and great—his sacred throne
Seem fixed as are the ever changeless stars,
While I your Queen, forgetful of the name,
Lived in your greatness and enjoyed your joy
And dreamt of bliss as when some cottage maid
Sings at her wheel, or as she tends her sheep,
When all the while the wolf is in the fold;
Now towns do blaze and homes are scattered far
The poor now fly to every mountain height,
The valleys swim and reek with human gore,
The dungeons full, the land is all awaste

And foreign armies of the insulted Queen
 Are marching onward to your central fort
 Even Maragdah ! while the King of Kings,
 Forgetful of his vows and all the realm
 Spends the long night in orgies deep and foul,
 Traitors for friends and concubines for wives,
 Dark evil gathers like the gathering clouds
 Before the storm ; while friends have fled away,
 I too must go, ere break my wounded heart,
 Haste from your sight and hide me evermore.
 I lived but for your greatness and your love
 Now that they're lost, I go away and die
 Farewell great king, farewell.

Exeunt Zamira and Son.

Zoluman highly disturbed looks on the face of Amissa
 cloudily, and on all the court, which is much moved by
 the scene.

ENTER Ist. My Lord and King the prisoners all
 are safe.

ZoL. Oh Istafar, my trusty chief and friend,
 And you Zarafa, and ye saered priests,
 Attend ! give ear ! and lend your aid to-day.
 Call up my troops, select a thousand slaves,
 Let them go first and make a great highway,
 O'er every valley, crag, and mountain peak,
 From here unto Maragdah's Saered Fort.
 Bring up my guns, and mules, and arms, and men,
 With all my powerful implements of war.
 You Istafar, see all the prisoners slain,
 Except those dastard white-faced foreign foes.
 We are the King, we'll reach Maragdah's Fort
 Before the chief who now insults our land ;
 There will we give him battle and defeat,
 And keep the prisoners, till herself—the Queen



Shall come and sue most humbly at our feet,
 And beg to set them free. See it be done,
 Then call my favourite steed—my Queen, adieu !
 Ye priests, ye chiefs, and courtiers, fare-you-well !

Exit the King.

ACT III.

Scene III.—On the Military Highway near to Maragdah.

Enter Zoluman in converse with Zarafa and other Chiefs

ZOL. Our way is nigh complete, call Istafar,
 I wish to see the white-face prisoners now ;
 Were it not that they best construet our guns,
 They all should die to-day.

Ist. Dread Sovereign Lord, and King of all the tribes,

My charge is well nigh o'er, the Fort's in view,
 And all the prisoners safe—yet each one seems
 Buoyed up with hope, for they have heard the news

Of this insensate mad attempt at war
 Against you sovereign power, by their own Queen.

ZOL. What of my Queen, is she still in your care ?

Ist. She is dread sovereign—much against her will,

But she is sick and constant prays for death ;
 Since you refused her wish to seek her home,
 She keeps in strict seclusion in her tent,
 Pining away as doth the prisoned bird,

For want of air and wing. Pray let her go.

ZOL. (In great rage) She shall not go, e'en let her pine and die.

If't be our will—like our great ancestor
 We'll have a thousand wives, and each shall be
 Submissive, kind, and friendly to the rest ;
 Call up the prisoners, let them be chastised,
 And all of native tribes, give o'er to death ;
 See it be done ere morn, when we shall be
 Safe with our armies in Maragdah's fort
 Away, obey, if you yourself would live.

Exit Istafar.

ZAR. Dread Sovereign lord, and King of mighty
 Kings

We now have reached the fort o'er this highway ;
 A mighty way that for a thousand years
 Shall still exist to tell the wondrous tale
 Of your dread prowess and our feats in arms ;
 Yet would I plead for these poor prisoners now,
 I do beseech you let these white men go,
 And spare yon wretches of the Wallah tribe,
 And cease to revel and delight in blood,
 Call up your former self, the King I knew,
 A king the most in grace of self-control,
 In continence and chastity, a King ;
 Though fierce in war, in peace a soft gazelle,
 In justice and in wisdom—King of Kings.
 Be thus a king : remember too the while
 This great highway hath cost a thousand lives,
 While the sad news hath reached me from afar
 The powerful troops of your dread foe, the Queen
 Are at Dalanta ; scarce a fortnight's march
 From our own camp, yet all this great emprise





Here at our doors upon a foreign shore
 Have they accomplished without loss of life ;
 Oh had those nights we passed in drunken joys
 Been only spent in fighting with the foe,
 Had we but harassed them, and turned those tribes
 (So friendly now) to fierce and hostile foes,
 Not ten times such a force, nor twice ten years,
 Nor all their power, could reach Maragdah's fort.
 Now while our path is built with human bones
 Theirs is as clear as the most peaceful way
 In their own land, which once a time had been
 Strewn with their bones, a mighty holocaust,
 A tower so high no streams might wash away,
 Nor wasting time should crumble't to decay.
 But now they're at your gates—arise oh King,
 Prepare for war—or sue for lasting peace,
 Collect your friends, restore your rightful Queen,
 Dismiss Amissa and her treacherous tribe,
 And be again the King that once I knew,
 And all shall yet be well throughout the land ;
 If not, I fear me, that their foremost gun
 Will be the knell of all your power and state.
 Yet be it so, I knew you, as a boy,
 Lived in your life, and shared your grief, your joy
 And nought save death shall ever part us now.

ZOL. (groaning) Oh my most faithful, trusty,
 noble friend,
 Leave me awhile—I would be now alone,
 To think on what you say.

Exit Zarafa,

Zoluman in great grief. Curtain falls.

ACT III.
 Scene IV and last.—Maragdah.

*The Army all safe—the Guns in position—and the Fort ready
for a Siege.*

*Zoluman, Amissa, Zarafa, Istafar, the Two Priests, Courtiers,
Concubines, Guards, &c.*

ZOL. Now we are safe within this sacred fort,
Ourselves, our troops, our store of guns prepared.
This is Ramadan and a time of fast
With yonder pale-faced foes ; but it shall be
To us a time of feasting and of mirth.
My troops have toiled along the burning march,
And they—as we—and all have need of rest ;
So will we feast for half this new born moon,
And then prepare for deeds of mighty war.

BIS. (Priest of Islam.) We do approve your
Highness's just resolve,
The Prophet gives to all a time to feast.

ARR. All powerful King, the troops have need
of rest,
But feasting chimes not with approaching war.

ZAR. Dread Lord and King, I've read in tales
of old,
Of one who sprang from this our noble land,
Who warred with Rome and shook its very gates,
Scattering its arms as chaff before the wind,
And slew its troops on each contested field,
Spoiling the spoilers of the then known world,
And all but took and captured mighty Rome,
Which he but lost by feasting and by sloth,
Sapping the courage of his matchless braves.
Need we remind you too of Babylon,
Which Cyrus took amidst a wild debauch.
We do beseech you read the lesson well.



ZOL. What says our lovely Queen and friends so fair,
 The matchless stars that shine around our throne
 Shall we have mirth ? or like poor anchorites
 Turn this strong fort into a hermitage ?

AMISSA We would that all should have due share
 of mirth,
 Of rest and feasting, yet in just control ;
 But every chief, and we, and you the King,
 And these our holy priests, it most becomes
 To keep ourselves aloof and on our guard
 Against all foes in feasting or in war,
 Full oft insidiously the poisoned cup
 Unstrings the soldier's arm, the chieftain's brain,
 And wisdom of the King : be then advised
 Let moderation be your wise command,
 The foe is near, we must prepare for war.

COURTIERS AND SOLDIERS clamourously,
 Who is the foe ? he fears us —let him come
 We will have mirth and joy and ease and rest
 And when he comes we'll send our wives to fight
 There is no need of men to meet such foes,
 On with the feast, let us have mirth and joy.

ZOL. Dismiss the court, with this our firm decree
 A seven days feast with plenteous mirth and wine
 For all the troops and all my faithful chiefs,
 We will be guardians of the Fort meanwhile
 With our most sacred band of mystic signs,
 Zarafa aiding with his watchful eyes.

Exeunt.

Court breaks up in disorder. All prepare for feasting.

F

Scene.—The Fort Maragdah.

Sixth night of Feasting—Tent of the Priest Bishillo
CONSPIRATORS.

Enter Istafar, Safara, Misalla, the Witch ; Zarafa, disguised as a slave—unknown.

BIS. The time of feasting now is far advanced,
And he, the King is well within our power.

IST. The Queen, Amissa, for her private ends,
Hath sworn to lead him safe within our toils,
And then to fly with me.

BISHILLO. I know not how he'll meet this storm
of war,
But if I see the foe will yet prevail,
We will call in the treacherous northern tribes,
And you, Safara, for our holy faith
Have sworn to lend the aid of all your arts
To hold him prisoner in his secret tower,
Whereto ye oft resort ; until we bring
The terms each side will grant—the strangers first
And then that chief, the King's insatiate foe !
Be wary now we meet again full soon
Within this tent when evening shades prevail.
Let each be firm, discreet, to Allah true
Then if the King destroy or be destroyed
Dupe his betrayers or be self-betrayed
Meet his last fate or yet be King of Kings :
Still I shall rule, and our most holy faith
Our mosques and domes, our towers and minarets
Shall rise and shine throughout this holy land
Fair as the c. ecent moon, most beauteous sign,



Which ever grows ! so these shall still increase
And Allah and his prophet rule the world.

MISALLA (sorceress) Ah much I 'fear the King
will yet elude

Our deepest plots, and well-laid schemes at last !
Thrice hath he now at the lone midnight hour,
Watched with me thus, to hear and read the stars,
And thrice hath sought within the Book of Fate,
To know the issue of these various toils ;
Yet still he clings to that accursed faith,
Of those pale faced invaders of the land—
And still he calls on Issa and believes
That he through Him shall conquer all the lands,
And be what he so vauntingly is called,
The sovereign Negus and the King of kings.

BIS. Well we shall see, meanwhile let us adjourn,
Until arcturus shine again to-night.
Till then, farewell ! farewell !

Exeunt Conspirators.

Same fort early morning.

Seventh day.

ZAR. (solus) 'Tis well ! at length 'tis well !
The hour that ends this deep debauch is come,
'Tis time to rouse the King, if not in vain.
When disaffection like a leprous sore,
Eats out the courage of his valiant host,
While treason lurks within the palace walls
And sloth consumes the army's strength away,
And yet he sleeps ! though the fierce northern foe,
Is at his gates, a wary dauntless foe,
That like the hunter round the Lion King,
Hath laid his coils and waits to make the spring

Which ends this mighty struggle, so do these
 Advance incessant as the tidal sea,
 Type of their power, their rage, and constancy.
 Ah now I see their columns streak the morn,
 I hear their trumpet's blast upon the air,
 And that first gun.—Now must I rouse the King,
 “ The foe is near, awake most mighty King ! ”
 “ Awake, the foe is near ! ”

ZOL. Thanks good Zarafa, would that mine own
 eyes

Had first beheld these daring haughty foes ;
 Rouse up the army, let each chief prepare,
 See to the gates, we will endure the siege,
 And laugh while they shall beat against this rock
 In maddening rage, as impotent and vain
 As waves upon a grim and iron bound shore.

ZAR. Great King beware ! trust not too much
 in war,

Thy troops may fail thee in the deadly breach,
 Thy chief's may stand aloof ; for I have seen
 What treasons oft do lurk around a throne,
 Hid by its blaze as spots are in the sun,
 Or fatal rifts beneath the solid ground.
 Trust not in Istafar, nor trust Amissa Queen,
 Nor in Bishillo, nor his wicked tribe,
 Their magic glass—consulted oft—deceives.
 Come and consult the one I hold to view,
 Take up this robe all travel stained and worn,
 We are two pilgrims bound for Meeca's shrine ;
 But let the King keep silence—I will speak,
 Fear not their eyes can pierce through our disguise,
 The hour is come, arise great King and see,

Tent of the Conspirators.

Evening.

Enter Bishillo, Misalla, Istafar, Amissa, Chiefs and Concubines.

The King and Zarafa as two holy pilgrims, bring news from Mecca, are allowed shelter and rest. They feign sleep and repose while all the treachery is unfolded, afterwards they withdraw and night comes on.

Zarafa and the King in their own Tent watch through the night, then arrives the morn.

Zoluman in great rage and high action.

Now let the trumpet sound, and strike the gong,
 Now make the cannon's long neglected throat,
 Speak from each tower and echo to the hills.
 Ararose the troops, we in our royal state
 Will straight review them and prepare for war.
 The foe comes on, but there are foes within
 That first shall feel my sword ; let every chief
 Who comes not promptly at our bugle call,
 Be fast immured within our dungeons deep,
 With the false priest, those traitors and the Queen ;
 Let all the rest be taken to that gorge
 Upon the left, and slaughtered in the sun,
 Then hoist our flag of war, that well-known flag !
 Which never floats but when its pennons' show
 We rush to victory, or prepare to die.
 Thrice in our reign this banner now has been,
 Presage of conquest, and our foes defeat ;
 High let it float within the morning air,
 To flaunt our foreign foes, while traitors see
 In it their death doom and our victory.

Scene—Camp of the Invaders at the foot of the hills around Maragdah.

SIR RUPERT. Brave troops of England, and our glorious Queen,

Your toilsome march is o'er—the fort's in view,
And by yon flag and the loud cannon's roar,
And by all martial sounds our foes awake,
And means to give us battle—nor will cry
For quarter ; but *sans merci* he will die
Or win the battle 'gainst our utmost force.
So now prepare, we meet no common foe,
We give no terms, we seek the full release
Of all the prisoners, and in England's name,
Intend to hurl from his accursed seat,
This tyrant King, and from yon vaunting fort,
Seize every gun nor leave one stone on stone ;
Nought but a blackened ruin shall remain,
To mark our vengeance for his guilty crimes.

Enter Messengers in great haste—Istafar and Amissa have escaped and fly to Sir Rupert for protection.—Zoluman and Zarafa pursue them but think it prudent to return.

Scene—Camp in Maragdah.

ZOL. Are all the traitors and the prisoners slain ?
Call up the white faced people and my friend
The Consul Cameron and the learned Pridieu,
Send them with presents meet unto the chief,
And greetings due, and ask his terms withal.

Enter messenger to say—

The foreign troops are coming up the steep,
And may be met in ambush and be slain.

ZOL. (walking on the fort with Zarafa)
To arms Zarafa ! call up my bravest troops,
Send forth two thousand of our sacred band
Against the foe, and let our mortars play,





Upon their 'fenceless flanks ! this is the day
Our foes shall bite the dust.

Troops file out before the King—he cheers them on with hopes of certain victory—They return scattered and flying—One thousand slain and one thousand five hundred wounded and prisoners.—The King in consternation and despair, call forth various chiefs, by name, but the reply is all are dead or taken—He then gives orders to clear the fort and prepare to stand the Siege.

Camp in Maragdah.

(The King in great grief.)

ENTER MESSENGER. Behold my Lord and King
your lovely Queen,
Emaciate lies within the arms of death,
Now the dread wings of Azrael upward poised,
Wait but their burthen ere he soar away ;
But yet she cannot die,—she calls the King,
And then she murmurs of her childhood's days,
One time she tends her father's flocks at home,
And then she raves of serpents—rivals too,
Seeing Amissa and Safara's forms,—
In thousands round her bed—yet all her cry
Is still, the King ! which will not be effaced.

ZOL. Say I will come—in death, you say—in
death ;

Nay not in death—in life—for life is death,
We all die here—but see ! that sight ! oh see !

Enter the bodies of one hundred chiefs to be buried in the
centre of Maragdah.

Camp of the Invaders.

Sir Rupert standing.

ISTAFAR. I offer you the easy conquest now,
If we hereafter may be King and Queen.

SIR R. I make no terms with traitors, and were
you

Sent here with due credentials from the King,
We have no wish to settle who shall rule,
We come for justice and shall leave the land
To Him omnipotent who rules the world.

Exeunt Istafar and Amissa.

Enter Consul Cameron Messrs. Flada and Pridieu.

DR. P. All hail great chief, ye men from England
hail !

Now beats our heart with triumph and with joy,
'Till joy burst out in tears ; each face and form,
These tents, those arms, yea, and the very dogs
And the poor beasts so patient at the door,
Are blessed in our sight : the cannon's roar
Was music in our ears ; its precious sound
So wrought upon our fast decaying strength.
That sweet oblivion like a gentle dream
Shut out all sight, all sounds, all sense awhile ;
But now we come great chief, from him, the King,
To know what terms you offer or demand,
To quit this soil and leave the King in peace ?

SIR R. All hail great consul of our gracious
Queen,

And ye most patient sufferers in her cause ;
We and our host, yea and our country too, ,
Rejoice to find you yet in life and well.
Make haste, therefore, lest the last hour should
lose,
What years of patience and this toilsome march
Have placed within our grasp ; go to the King,



Give him this message from our sovereign Queen,
 That all the prisoners first must be transferred
 Alive, unharmed, into this very tent
 Upon the morn ; and then that yonder fort
 Must be dismantled, left a barren rock
 To bats and owls, and prowling wolves a prey ;
 And last himself, the King, must yield
 A prisoner in your stead ; yet also say
 He shall be treated as becomes a King.
 This must he do by the next morning's sun
 Rise o'er the hills, or we shall straightway come
 And tear him thenee by force, and hurl him down,
 Making no terms but such as suit our will.
 Haste to obey, and deign not to deeeeive,
 Such the commands of our most sovereign Queen.

DR. P. Farewell great chief—we hasten to obey,
 Yet go we now unto our last assize ;
 Farewell great host, to England say farewell,
 The land we love, but never more shall see ;
 Yet we obey our sovereign's righteous will,
 Though we go on unto the gates of death ;
 For as a lamb is by a lion torn,
 So will he tear us if not God oppose.

Farewell ! Farewell ! Farewell !

Exeunt.

Scene—Maragdah.

Zuluman, surrounded by the seven most faithful chiefs
 Zarafa and the others. Zuluman sits in a mourn-
 ing attitude over the demolition of his army, and
 the slaughter of his chiefs. Dead bodies in the
 centre. Enter the three messengers, Dr. P. and
 others—having met the prisoners on the way to
 the invaders' camp, released through Zarafa by a
 stratagem. Dr. P. reports from Sir Rupert.

Zoluman in great grief, starts up in wrath and speaks,

ZOL. Deliver up all prisoners, with the fort !
 And then ourselves —yes by my father's bones !!
 We will give up the prisoners, send them here
 We'll roll their heads into his very tent,
 And ye who brings me such insulting terms
 Were ye not sacred, ye yourselves should die,
 Ah now, but now, we sent the prisoners free.
 What would they more? they want this fort and me ?
 Here is the fort, these poor dead limbs and bones

(points to the dead)

This blood was its cement, these are the stones,
 The guns, the towers, each chief himself a fort,
 And now behold, they lie all scattered here,
 Slain as ye see them—all my sacred band
 Two thousand men, a hundred sacred chiefs
 As brave as great as aught in yonder host
 But not so skilful in the art of war,
 Which means the art of murder and of wrong ;
 What seek they more, let their fierce hosts now come
 Like a wild troop of lions, beasts of prey
 That break into a sheepfold but to find
 A few dry bones and one poor bleating lamb.
 My faithful chief Zarafa call my band,
 And take thou charge of my last hope, my boy
 See to the gates, let our last flag now fly
 And when the wolves are howling at the door,
 Slay me! the King ! I charge thee by the signs
 Of our mysterious brotherhood in arms :

ZOL. (continues solus)

Ah my, poor boy, and his fond mother too,
 And her I loved who wrought me all this woe,





Had I but lived to finish my career
 I know great Issa gave me the command
 To conquer and subdue this wondrous land
 I know the Christ, one look from his pure eyes
 Can melt the soul and purge a thousand crimes,
 But all is lost through her and her false friends ;
 Ah woman, woman, source of joy and woe
 Thou half-way house to death, who leagues with thee
 Comates with death and treads the verge of hell.
 Yet midst my rage, my passions, and my crimes
 (For crimes these strangers call my mildest deeds)
 I ever strove to hold the faith of God
 And to subdue and civilize the land,
 Now all is lost, all through this christian host
 And their most pious, gracious, virtuous Queen,
 A woman too, a woman there and here,
 Living or dying, stay they or they fly
 They still rule man, when least they seem to rule
 But hence, away, these useless vain regrets
 I hear the sounds of war, they come—they come.

Cannon and mortars are discharged.

They know not what they do—for all this war
 I summon her the Queen to that dread bar
 Of the all Just One. Well might all this war,
 This woe, these deaths have been averted quite,
 By one small message from this haughty Queen.

(Cannon is heard.)

They're at our gates! see! see! they mount the
 breech!
 Oh! call the guard! give but one glorious charge.
 My steed! quick! quick! stand by that flag! 'tis
 done!

Now, now, Zarafit, guard my boy and then,
Thank God I die amidst my faithful band.
I charge thee now, thus, fire, and end my life,
My flag still waves, I lived, I die, the King.

Shots heard—the King falls, shot in three places.

The English host pours into Maraglah—the chiefs stand round in silence and in pity contemplating the body of the King, smiling in death.

Commotion visible—the flag is torn down by the common soldiers—the English Jack run up instead.

Commotion in the ranks—a coffin is borne along with the remains of Zamira, the Queen—is placed beside the dead body of the King—Almayou, his son, (weeping but proud) is held by the hand of Zarafa.

ZAR. Now all is o'er and this “poor bleating lamb”

Is left defenceless 'mongst so many wolves,
Yet would I trust his welfare to this host
Of strange adventurous, brave and bearded men
Than to the kindest chief in all the land,
I will do so, and then my work is done,
I'll quit me of my charge and but return
To place these royal bones within an urn
Near his poor Queen, then my last duty done
My life is o'er, my race is quickly run
I'll seek me out some corner of the land
Where I may die. Oh that some kindly hand
Would rid me of my life! so great a King
So good a Queen, and such a guileless prince
To meet such fate, this world hath rarely seen.

END OF LAST ACT.

Curtain falls.





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.





Ode to — — — — —, Esq.

“Mecænas atavis edite regibus.”

“Oh et Presidium et dulce decus Meum.—HORACE.

PART I.

Fair as the stars, and fragrant as the rose,
Is he whose virtue bids my lyre awake,
In praise of him whose gen'rous kindness flows
Calm as a river wid'ning to a lake—
That sleeps beneath the shade of lofty hills,
Adown whose sides and craggy steeps sweet rills
Do feed and keep it fresh and pure—serene ;
While sunny slopes and pastures evergreen
Proclaim its worth. So he, of whom I sing,
And to whose merit I this tribute bring.

Son of great sires ! who bore the horse ensigned
On silver shield ere heralds intertwined
The rose and thistle, or the Fleur-de-lys—
Fair flower of France ! the land of chivalry !
Long ere these met at Crêey or Poitiers,
And long ere any Norman chevalier
Set foot upon our soil, his house had stood
A loyal bulwark, noble, wise, and good,
Within the land of mountain and of flood.
Land of brave deeds, once Caledonia wild,
Stern nurse of freedom, freedom's favourite child,
Mother of heroes and of virtuous sons,
Like him on whom my grateful tribute runs
In ardent strains, yet all too weak to tell
Of half his worth—what muse could sing it well :
But lest my song offend his modest ear,
Or lead me onward out of truth severe,
I'll sink my numbers to a shorter swell,
And tax my lyre but half his worth to tell.

PART II.

Fair and erect as lofty pine,
 That sways around thy shores, Lochfine,
 The hero of my song hath stood,
 Serenely great, serenely good,
 Alone—as hermit in his cell,
 Or Alehemist with crucible ;
 He with the thoughts of mighty dead
 A life of calm repose hath led,
 Teaching his soul the wealth that springs
 From wisdom and from hidden things,
 Which they and only they explore
 Who seek for truth in classic lore.
 And from such founts as these he drew
 Deep draughts of joy and wisdom too,
 That old experience did attain
 “To something like prophetic strain.”
 Yet like the luscious bee that dwells
 Within the hive of honey’d cells,
 He, the just worth of wealth could gauge,
 Within his golden hermitage—
 His hermitage a mansion fair,
 “*In comitate Lancaster.*”

In times of riot he could be
 Brave as a knight of chivalry ;
 In times of dearth, like one of old,
 A safe retreat for help untold,
 A store house sure for grain or gold.
 In times perplexed his wisdom stood
 A beacon o’er the stormy flood,
 Lit with a radiance all his own,
 Which for the people’s safety shone.
 In times of sorrow and distress—
 Of Hagar in the wilderness,



Or Rachael weeping for her own,
 When famine raged throughout the town—
 He daily gave till midnight hour,
 His utmost aid to help the poor
 In time of need ; nor did he spare
 His wealth, but scattered everywhere,
 Till seasons smiled and skies were fair.

Then when these duties all were done,
 (As flowers shut in at set of sun)
 He to his mansion would repair,
 To drink fresh draughts of wisdom there,
 From mighty tomes of sages hoar,
 A vestal priest of learned lore.
 Poet, historian, jurist, he,
 With works of art and sorcery,
 Wrought by some fairy's magic wand,
 Solaced his soul—or, book in hand,
 Beguiled the hours till evening chime
 Dissolved his cares in dreams sublime—
 Dreams of some mighty good which he
 Would do to our posterity.

For acts of kindness done in store,
 The poor unseen oft bless his door ;
 His door, whose steps are dint and worn
 By feet of outcasts, faint, forlorn ;
 Poor wretches ! heirs of grief and pain !
 Who seek his aid, nor seek in vain.
 E'en thus—while cares oppress his mind
 He still is gentle meek and kind.

See yon worn minstrel (as of yore
 Through his own deeds) distressed and poor,
 Here finds a shelter and a friend,
 And still shall find till life shall end ;
 While men of genius and of fame,
 He'll fan their gentlest sparks to flame.

How oft have I when cares oppressed,
 In him found all my griefs redressed ;
 His timely aid upheld my soul,
 Sustained me till I saw the goal
 " That shines afar " on Mount of Fame,
 Whereon's inscribed his hallowed name.
 Then rise my muse, his praises sing,
 The Good MAN greater than a king,
 Is like a lesser God to me,
 Dispensing Heaven's own bounty free—
 An ocean fount of streams and showers,
 A sun—which ever widely pours
 Amongst mankind the greatest joys
 That our Creator here employs.
 I name him not, well known is he,
 And may each gen'rous reader be
 Renowned like him for charity ;
 But whilst I live with grateful heart
 I'll ever bless J. R. C ——— t
 For all that he has done for me,
 As patron friend of Poesy.

Sir Thomas of Fellwood.

Unhappy you say ! he's unhappy,
 And yet he has got him a wife ;
 He wants neither houses nor children,
 And does not think hardly of life ;
 Has friends by the dozen and hundred,
 And is not at all given to strife.

He pays all his dues and keeps sober,
 Is a faithful adherent to church ;



His zeal stands at charity's altar,
 While others are outside the porch ;
 He is honoured by all—has ambition,
 Wit, learning, and studious research.

Then whence is the cause of his sadness ?
 His coachman looks happy and gay,
 Cracks his whip and halloos like a huntsman,
 Whene'er his kind master's away ;
 While his servants, his baliff, his keeper,
 Are blithe as the larks every day,

Sir Thomas is wealthy and fêted,
 And yet he is poorer than he
 Who lives neath yon thatch in the dingle,
 Half hid by the sands of the sea,
 Who, with health, love and peace all united.
 Is happy ! far happier than he.

He's a wife who is true and unswerving,
 Who loves her good man of the sea ;
 He has health : and the laugh of his children
 Enchants every dell on the lea.
 He has love, happy love ! round his hearthstone
 He is happy ! as happy can be.

While Sir Thomas' Lady is haughty,
 Reserved, full of airs, and is cold,
 When at first he was married and thought he
 Had brought a pet lamb to his fold.
 Oh happier this Baron so doughty,
 Had he slept on the moor and the wold.

She wolf from the wold had been kinder
 The Evil one's daughter more true ;
 She was not even " off with the old love,
 Before she was on with the new."
 True love decks the world with bright roses,
 But false love with eypress and yew.

Oh happy the wife of yon delver,
 Who lives in the cot by the sea ;
 Sir Thomas looks out from his mansion,
 No man is less envious than he,
 And yet he would give up all Fellwood,
 Where he half as glad-hearted as she.

Her little ones bear her true impress,
 Have the fair Saxon locks of their sire,
 While my Lady's dark brow are so odious,
 Their looks rouse his manhood's fierce ire.
 He often is tempted and dreams of
 The story of " Moloch and Fire."

Fierce feyer now raged around Fellwood,
 Came up to my lady's own room,
 Her children are tossing in madness,
 Herself in dark gilt and deep gloom,
 Sir Thomas would pawn his own mansion
 To save the poor things from their doom.

They died and Sir Thomas is weeping,
 My Lady's in grief and despair.
 She mourns like the pines around Fellwood,
 And shrieks like a ghost on the air.
 If you stroll Fellwood grounds and its grave-
 yard,
 My Lady is sure to be there.



Grief laden and burdened by conscience,
 My Lady's firm reason gave way ;
 She rushed through the night winds, a maniac
 And threw herself into the sea.
 As—passing the cot in the dingle,
 She saw what her own home might be.

Now Sir Thomas is wifeless and lonely,
 Herself and her race swept away ;
 While yon cot in the dingle seems only,
 Less fair than a palace might be.
 There is gloom round the mansions of Fell-
 wood,
 There is peace in the cot by the sea.

A Drop of Water.

The Ancient Philosophers said water was the origin of all things.

A water drop fell from the mountain's brow,
 Fell with the stream to the depths below
 'Twas lost in the tarn 'neath the shady brake
 Where the mountain and red deer their night covert
 make
 Ere they rouse with the morn to swim over the lake,
 As the pearly drop fell it said " I shall rise
 On my golden wings yet " and shall sail through the
 skies.

For I am the first drop of water that fell
 From Gerizim's height into Israel's well,
 I moistened the lips of that wayfaring man,
 Then backward with joy to its depths I ran,
 For I cool'd his thirst and I lengthen the span
 Of the life of each one whose lips I may lave,
 I hide or I soothe their lone path to the grave.

But yet once again in that well I was found,
 To its lowermost depths from its topmost round
 I heard that voice and I looked in those eyes
 Which I heard and I saw when He built the glad
 skies

And the sun and the earth, then in ecstasies
 As the fair Samaritan's pitcher did dip
 I swam on its brim and I moistened His lip.

Then blest by the touch, I ascended the skies
 And reflected the Iris glow of his eyes
 I heightened the rainbow's colour and tone
 (Which lately, sin clouded, had dismally shone)
 I replenished it now by a light from His own
 And sweeter each song bird now sings as it sits
 On the bough that is kissed by my cloud as it flits.

Now henceforth I swim in that cup that is blest
 By the hand or the lip of sweet charity prest
 Or some "humble disciple" or sorrowing child
 Of the earth, who by toil or by grief is made wild.
 I was mixed in the sponge, when he saw me and
 smiled,
 And said, "it is finished," and yet once again
 In the midst of his agonies ; prayed for such men.

Before his dread day I had wandered afar
 Reflecting the tints of each varying star,
 With Pompey's battalions o'er Syria's fair Isles
 Round the Indian Strand where the maiden smiles ;
 While the matrons charred sinews the Junga defiles
 Had heard the fierce African warhoop and yell,
 Seen the village blaze by the fire light of hell.

But for ages before I was hid in the earth
 To metal and gem or fair flower I gave birth
 I sank through the soil and the crumbling stone
 Saw the nethermost fires as they belch & they groan
 Heard the winds as they rave, ere the lava tide's
 thrown,
 Around the fair earth : I was hid in that cave
 That gave to rebellious Abiram a grave.

I careered in the clouds round the towers of Ai
 When Joshua to the spent sun answered, " Nay,"
 " Go not thou down " over Ascolon's vale
 Till I hear of my foes and their last dying wail,
 And tell thou to Chieftains of Moab the tale
 That Jehovah hath triumphed and Israel can say
 He hath crowned his people with victory to-day.

The last drop of wrath the Almighty did pour
 From the windows of Heaven on earth's cursed floor
 I fell, and I covered the mountains far height
 And I closed like a pall, the dark world from His
 sight,
 As once in dread chaos, ere rose the glad light
 Yet I shone in the rainbow in Shinaar's plain,
 When in mercy, He vowed not to drown it again.

I swam in those tears' holy Abraham poured,
 In pleading for Sodom before the dread Lord
 Then in " waters of Marah " (by me rendered sweet)
 And in streams Moses drew from their rocky retreat :
 Round that Altar when Baal was ashamed by defeat,
 Yea, in Eden's fair rivers that watered the pound
 All fed by the dewdrops ; e'en there was I found.

For I am the first drop of water that fell
 From heaven into space, as wise sages can tell
 I am the germ whence the universe rose,
 Now myriads of systems obey my known laws
 Existence numberless tremble and pause
 As I fly in the clouds or mix in the spay,
 Or career with the stars through the limitless way.

I bring fruitful seasons to all things below
 I laugh in the stream and I flash in "the bow,"
 I fly in the clouds as they dance round the sun,
 And I murmur in brooklets that trickle and run
 I ripple in waves of the sea, one by one,
 I mingle in mists that encircle the moon
 And I cool the parched lips of the traveller at noon.

I escape with a scream from the mechanist's dream,
 The corn I had nurtured I grind by my steam
 That turns the old mill in the valley below,
 And I gladden the nations wherever I go,
 Bringing life, light and joy, and a health ruddy glow,
 Thus eternally onward creative I fly,
 From the earth to the sun and the stars in the sky.

The "fount of all life" and perhaps its dread close,
 The witness of all things, as all from me rose
 I saw the first fiat creative unfurled,
 That lit the first Star and the Sun, and the World,
 And I shall be there when creation is hurled
 Again into chaos; when nature undone
 Shall burn at my touch as the earth by the sun
 For I am the first drop of water that fell
 Who created me, only, my limit can tell.

Ocean Waves.—A Monody.

PRELUDE.

A child of passion from my tenderest years,
 Smiling oft times, but oftner still in tears,
 As waves that rose and fell, my hopes and fears,
 Beyond control,
 Disturbed my soul,

And sent me now to muse in woods or by the sea,
 Forgetting all my cares in their sweet lullaby.

And as I mused I heard their grand voice say,
 Things new—sublime—which had a wondrous
 power,
 Soothing my soul in its most passionate hour.

 The moaning pine,
 The stars divine,
 And all the sounds of storm swept woods and
 sea,
 Played on my passionate soul from day to day,
 And this the voice—this their wild witching lay.

In playful ripples that scarce rise and swell,
 But idly murmur in the summer air,
 (Teaching the world the impotence of care,) We ocean waves

 From sun swept caves,
 Come lave the feet of those who love us well,
 And shores of lands where mighty heroes dwell.

In glassy stillness and unruffled calm,
 Where the lone sea-gull idly flaps his wing,
 And mingles with the foamy waves that bring

Sweet spicy gales,
From far off vales,
(Afric. or Ind.') with the luxuriant palm,
And groves of fragrant woods whose very
breath is balm.

Neptune repose, and the winds are still,
While idly surge the waves with gentle spray,
Like joyous children in their careless play,

Wooing the shore,
For evermore,

As if they fain would stay and drink their fill
Of crystal draughts from every stream and rill.

Slow sinks the sun, red glows the full-orbed
moon,

And darkly grows the dread and fateful night,
While Orion rises in his stormy might,

Yon tuneful grove,
Once full of love,

Now mourns in mournful gusts, while all too
soon,

Dark ice bound winter reigns—for sultry sum-
mer's moon.

Fierce blow the gales, the surges swell and roar,
And forests bend beneath the fearful blast;

Grand fleets and navies, impotent are cast,
And shattered lie,
All helplessly.

On the fair strand they left in pride before,
The lands defence and bulwark—never more.

Such thy dread, thou changeless changing sea,
Thou source and end of all sublunar things,
(From thy dread womb what wondrous product
springs,)



Endless, sublime,
 Through changing time,
 Image of Him, (in wrath or calm) whom we
 Worship alone, and bend before in silent estacy,
 Be my abode henceforth aye near the sea,
 Where I can hear its loved and changeful voice
 Echo my soul in grief—or playful I rejoice,
 To catch the spell,
 That answereth well.
 Tracing in thee all lands, all souls afar,
 As thy bright waves reflect the evening star ;
 So dost thou mirror forth all sights, all sounds,
 to me,
 Hence do I love thee—oh thou deep mysterions
 sea.

The Princess St. Aubrey.

An Incident in London and Paris during the French Revolution

It grieves me as much to receive, Lady,
 As it paineth you to sell,
 These gems of the proud St. Aubrey,
 Alas ! I know them well ;
 I was bred in the Aubrey mansion,
 Before the grand House fell.

And she—their sylph-like daughter,
 The light of that princely home ;
 An orphan ! deserted ! forsaken !!!
 She to this fate hath come.
 Who seemed to be born—a princess,
 And the house, enduring as Rome.

The grandsire sleeps in *la Vendée*,
 'Neath the marble columned aisle ;
 Her sire went down at Trafalgar,
 He sank his ship with a smile,
 While He, the hair of the Aubreys
 (Whose soul no bribe could beguile,)

He fell 'neath the axe of a Danton,
 With the mother, and sister, and wife,
 When the streets of yon city were glutted
 With victims of civil strife.
 And she the last of the Aubreys
 Must fly and beg for her life.

While her lover now smiles as a courtier,
 A soldier, a *Marquis d'honneur* ;
 Must take the despatches to Paris,
 Is betrothed to Eugenie Millefleurs.
 While they sweet saintly Princess St. Aubrey,
 Is an exile, heartbroken and poor.

The Usurper sits crowned in the city,
 All Europe awaiting his word ;
 Her lover the faithless de Valois,
 Has pawned e'en his soul for a sword.
 While she--the betrothed and forsaken,
 The weeps at thy altars, oh Lord !

How long ! miserere et salve !
 Is the voice of her moaning and prayers,
 While the trumpet blast tells of his triumph
 Each month as they swell into years ;
 Oh had I the aid of a vision
 To soften her grief and her cares.

But henceforth the sands of the ocean
 Seem stabler than princedoms and powers;
 Lo ! kingdoms dissolve as the snowflakes ;
 New names spring like weeds among flowers,
 And men are like beasts of the forest
 Each one his own neighbour devours.

Ah ! heard ye the roar of the cannon ?
 “ The army ” is trampled and dying
 The day of His vengeance now dawneth
 The usurper, defeated, is flying ;
 And the faithless, false-hearted de Valois
 Is gasping for breath where he’s lying.

She heard, and she sought out the wounded,
 And soothes all their pain by her cares,
 Her lover lay stiffened and dying,
 His life is restored by her prayers.
 His love is revived by her presence
 And soothes all her grief and her fears.

Now the king is received with rejoicings
 The nobles—their power is restored
 While she, thy proud daughter St. Aubrey
 And He of the recreant sword,
 Forgiving—repentant—united,
 Repaid for the years she was slighted,
 Henceforth she is beloved and adored.

The City by the Sea.

Lost in a wilderness of streets—a world of wood
 and stone—
 Worn, wandering, weary, sad of heart, forsaken
 and alone

'Mong men with hearts like monuments, where no
one reads his own ;
With yearnings to the Infinite, a finite speck I lay
'Mong scenes the world shuts out of sight,
'Mongst birds of prey that prowl by night—
An outcast more than they.

Slow, through the darkness of the night, the
moments beat their chime,
The stars crept up from out the sea, silent, serene,
sublime,
While night-winds bore upon their breast the
sounds of grief and crime.
Wakeful, I waited for the morn, and sought the
silent strand ;
Long looking for the line of light—
The point where meet the day and night—
Where meet the sea and land.

Grateful, I saw that wondrous change which comes
when fading night
Sinks into morn, and God renews the Miracle of
Light ;
When life awakes—when land, and sea, and cities
rise to sight—
Then, with the night and darkness drear, what
horrors melt away !
As chaos once, and visions dim,
Sank at Creation's morning hymn,
So sinks the night in day.

Slow, pacing o'er the silent strand, the changeless
changing shore
Of the wide sea, which frightened once with its for-
gotten roar

Empires decayed—as Greece, and Tyre, Carthage,
 and nations hoar,
 Whose ghosts come whispering through the shroud,
 the cordage, and the keel
 Of ships that seem like living things—
 That whet their beak and plume their wings
 To show the joys they feel.

Gone like the beasts that prowl by night—the
 things of sin and slime !
 Those human wolves that make their lair in haunts
 of guilt and crime,
 While man to labour issues forth with the first
 morning prime.
 High deeds of chivalry, or love of duty, or of power,
 With thoughts that rouse the world to arms,
 Or pacify its dread alarms,
 Come with the opening flower.

Men, dimly seen down vistas vast of streets in sultry
 gleam,
 As motes in air—as ants in woods—an insect race
 they seem ;
 They flit, they die, are re-absorbed in that eternal
 beam
 Of light creative, myriad forms!—each atom float-
 ing there
 Still feels itself the centre is
 Of all creation's woe or bliss,
 Its hope or its despair.

The world *oblique* brings grateful change of seasons
 day and night ;
 The Will *oblique* distorts the soul, blinded by too
 much light.

The point of human happiness, is *still* the “point of sight,”

While one eternal purpose vast, grand, infinite as space,

Yet reaching down to finite things,
Beyond where faintest insect wings
Flutter and leave no trace.

Atoms, or worlds, or living things, all sport in
God’s bright beam—

These roll around, *those* live their life—their life a
sentient gleam—

A joyous hour, a fitful fate, or a distorted dream ;
Each wakening cry, as life rolls by :—“Things are
not what they seem.”

Earth has no centre but the sun,
Life in its myriad forms is one—
Not lost—absorbed in Him !

Then lift your hearts, ye finite forms, and bathe
them in His grace—

Live in His light—all evil things shall flee and
leave no trace ;

All life created by His love shall live before His face
Each Will in unison—all hearts in harmony resound

While He (who scans creation round

From Heaven to lowest depths profound)

Shall hide the good within His breast ;

And at His side a place of rest

For all the Lost is found !

By the Wayside.

A blue-eyed girl of tender years,
Dowered with a wealth of golden hair ;
A child whose face was more than fair,
Whose beauty touched my soul to tears,





Though she was poor she sought no alms,
(While others loudly swell their woes.)
Shame round her lovely features throws,
A glow that heightens all their charms,

I knew she was a pauper's child,
And yet so gentle and demure,
She seemed as lovely and as pure,
As nature's noblest undefiled,

I touched her hand, I stooped to kiss,
(The silver in my palm seemed dross ;)
She blushed and turned, I—at a loss,
Scarce understood a soul like this.

Then as the humble group I saw,
I laid my hand upon her hair,
And blest her—murmuring in my prayer,
“ Thy purity her constant law,”

Oh ! mother see (she said) 'tis He,
He whom I dreamed of in my dreams ;
Who is so kind, and always seems
To take and bless me on his knee.

I pondering went—my spirit stirred,
Asking myself “ can it be so ? ”
That He whom we so little know,
(Or from His life or written word)

Doth condescend to visit thus
The very humblest of the poor,
While gilded roof and sheltering door,
Oft hide—his passing by—from us.

The Labourer's Song.

My labour's hard, the day is cold,
 I'm working always in the mud,
 Or lifting stones from out the mould,
 With little thought, and less of good.

'Tis dinner time—I eat my fare,
 On wayside step some inches broad,
 Without a table or a chair,
 Gazed at by passers on the road.

My little girl sits by me too,
 Thankful for seraps I ill can spare,
 She's all that we have left us now—
 My heart's delight—her mother's care.

Somehow the morning seems so long,
 Till I can see her come this way—
 Panting, in haste, (she is not strong,)
 And yet her coming takes away.

Half of my care, and soothes my toil ;
 I work more cheerfully till night,
 Nor want, nor care, nor stubborn soil
 Can quench from out my heart her light.

Now all the day long I labour hard,
 That she and Mary may have rest ;
 And though we've always homely fared,
 I somehow think " its all for best."

What though they're drest in hodden grey,
 And I must wear my " clouted shoon,"
 My fancy makes them look as gay,
 As birds and buttercups at noon.



So I can always keep my health,
 And hear my birdies sing at eve,
 And teach thee well, (my store, my wealth,))
 I'll envy none, nor drink, nor grieve.

Although I am 'neath labour's ban,
 I'll learn to bear my humble lot,
 Conscious that still I am a man,
 Beloved at home—though world-forgot.

For in the thick November day,
 There comes across my glimmering sense,
 Piercing its fogs—a simple ray,
 That there's a time of recompense.

The poor man's child may rise to wealth,
 For some do rise and some do fall :
 Yet I'm content with love and health,
 Conscious my God remembers all.

Oh, would I were a Bird.

“ Oh, would I were a bird ”
 Of varied plume and wing,
 How would I make my voice be heard,
 How gladsome would I sing.

But which one would it be
 If my fond wish were heard,
 If fairy powers should instantly
 Now change me to a bird ?

Would I—a nightingale,
 Within some sacred grove,
 Now warble to the moon, and wail
 The woes of slighted love ?

Or, would my pride take wing—
 My form be like the lyre :
 My throat to southern nations sing,
 And soothe their souls of fire ?

Or, grander yet—arise
 In beauteous plumage shine !
 And be a bird of paradise,
 With pinions all divine ?

Or lark ! that mounteth high,
 At heaven's great soaring sing :
 All upward drawn by ecstacy—
 Oh, would I had its wing !

Or, if some homelier bird —
 The mavis or the thrush :
 The cuckoo in the grove be heard,
 The linnet on the bush.

Th' inconstant swallow, I
 Might imitate : and dwell
 For ever 'neath some sunny sky,
 And aye of summers tell.

Or, humbler and content,
 A faithful robin be !
 (When summer's sunny hours are spent)
 And prove my constancy.

In grief, a sparrow, I
 Might chatter on the wall ;
 Mourning the joys that from me fly,
 When life begins to pall.



In tears, I'd be a dove,
 And mourn my buried mate :
 Then in repentance pure, and love
 Fly to a better state.

I'd fly and be at rest,
 On "wings of morning" fly :
 And soothe my sad and troubled breast
 In God's eternity.

An Autumn Song.

How sweet is the dawning
 O'er cottage and mill ;
 The sun softly shining,
 The shadows so still.
 Dead leaves falling lightly,
 No clouds on the hill ;
 While the light creepeth onward
 Through brushwood and brake,
 And the sound of the river,
 The calm of the lake—
 All speak of the Giver
 As morning doth break.

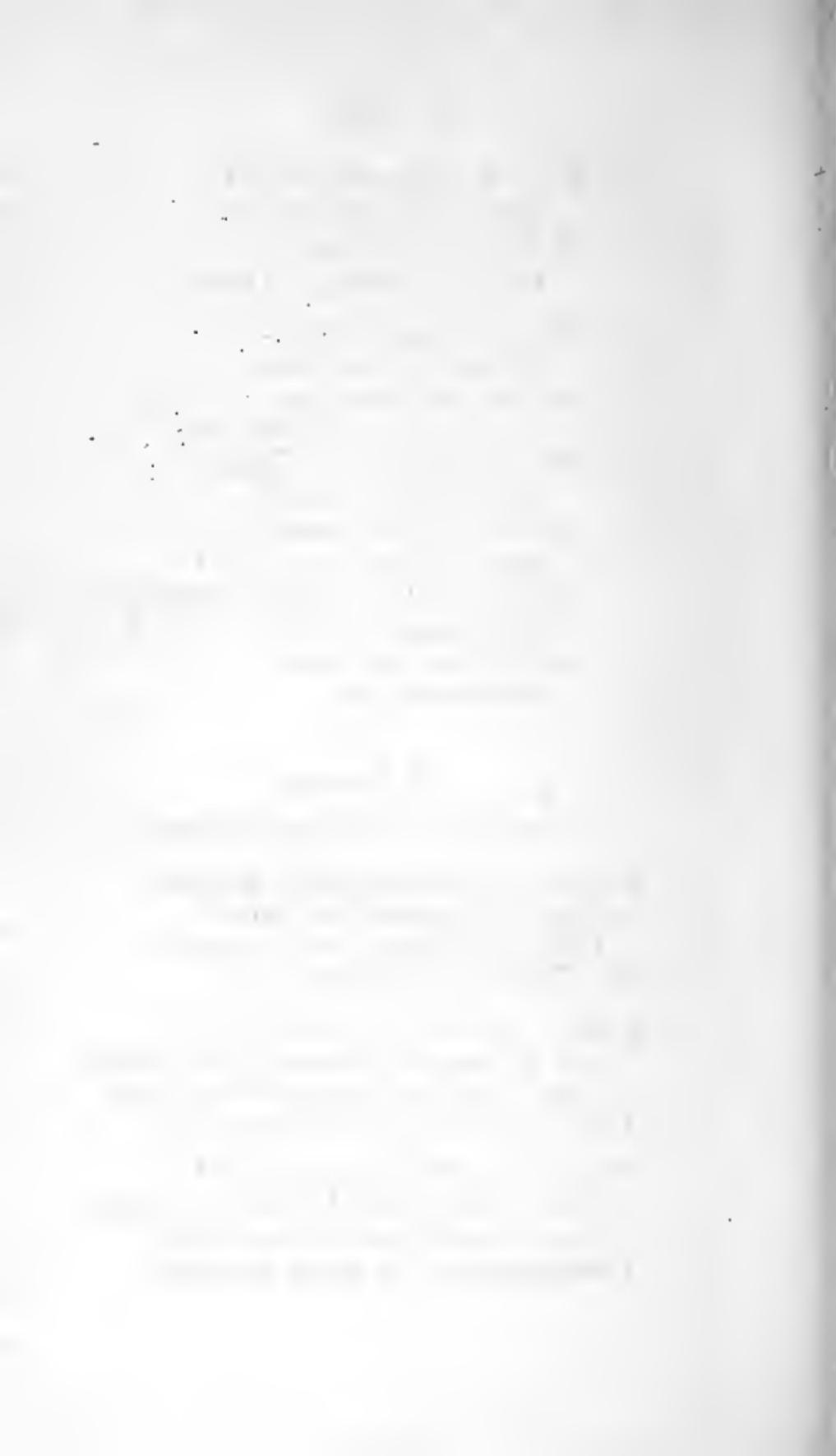
The green grass now browning,
 The leaves on the trees,
 All sparkle with dewdrops,
 While hush'd is the breeze.
 And the ping of the rifle,
 The hunter's loud call ;
 The laugh from the orchard
 To see the fruit fall ;

The shout of the villagers,
 In the brown copse,
 As the nuts and the wild fruit
 Exceed their glad hopes ;
 All speak of the happiness
 Scattered around,
 And make us tread lightly
 On Earth's holy ground.

While the birds flit and twitter,
 From brushwood and brake,
 And the silvery wagtail
 Skims over the lake ;
 And trips like a lady
 With light dainty feet,
 And picks up each morsel
 (With thanks for the treat) ;
 While the stroke of the axe
 Of yon woodman doth say,
 All nature is blithsome
 On this autumn day.

The calm of the season,
 Ere winter doth fall,
 Now soothes my glad spirit,
 Peace enters my soul.
 Though the brown of yon maple
 Is like to man's grey,
 Each silently teaching,
 Life hasteth away ;
 The year is reposing,
 Ere gently it sleep,
 So man—his life closing—
 Hath scant cause to weep,





As he looks from the brow
 Of the hill he hath trod,
 To the valley below
 And right upward to God.

Oh, then like October,
 So calm and so brown,
 Our soul be found ripe
 As “the sun goeth down ;”
 The dead leaves around us—
 Our sins fallen away,
 Our virtues the vintage
 Stored up 'gainst the day
 When the Husbandman cometh,
 His servants to call,
 And spring universal
 Awakeneth all.

A Lament.

“*Lamentation, and mourning, and woe.*”

Nought can I do, nor aught attain—
 Lost is my guiding star below ;
 All I have learnt is but to know
 That virtue is the highest gain.

Broke is my lute ; my harp is still,
 And all untuned each nerve-like string ;
 Down droops my muse's weary wing,
 Like wounded bird on cloud-cap't hill.

Upward, and onward, and around,
 With piercing gaze I strain mine eyes ;
 Lost in the void of endless skies
 I sink, appalled, by gloom profound.

Life's little day will all too soon,
 Close round me in eternal night
 Nor even bless me with the sight
 Of pictures, limned by hope, at noon.

Gone are the rainbow tints of day ;
 Changed for the leaden hues of eve—
 Leaving me but the power to grieve,
 For transient bliss too bright to stay.

As sinks the sun in murky skies,
 'Mid lurid tints and threat'ning clouds,
 So my poor soul her glory shrouds,
 While sorrow gleams from both mine eyes.

My ruined hopes—like broken toys
 Or shattered columns—listless lie ;
 And serve to warn each passer-by,
 "Here is the grave of all my joys."

Wealth—honour—fame—departed friends,
 And dearer still (whom most I mourn)
 My darling child ! whose glad return
 For all my grief would make amends.

These have I lost, and now forlorn,
 Disconsolate I make my moan ;
 Life's treasures—all so quickly flown,
 I feel that "Man was made to mourn."

Why Complain ?

That Gracious Power
 That formed the flower,
 Shall man arraign ?

When not a blade of grass that grows,
 When not a daisy or a rose
 But might as well complain.





That gentle breeze
 That stirs the trees
 On summer eve,
 Because it cannot rush along
 Dark as the storm or tempest strong,
 Shall it begin to grieve ?

The pomp and state
 Of all the great.
 This teaches best—

That towers and trees must stem the storm,
 While to the humbler grass and worm
 He granteth shade and rest.

The giddy throng
 That roll along
 Life's broad highway :
 What though in gaudy trappings drest ;
 Yet who shall dare to call them blest,
 Until the close of day.

Wealth's grosser air
 Weighs like despair
 Their drooping wing,
 While my rapt soul's intenser glow,
 Sees beauty in all things below,
 And hears all nature sing.

Then to his will
 Submissive still.
 Content I'll lie.

Accepting what He gives as best,
 What he denies seek on hisbre ast,
 Or, patient, hoping, wait the rest,
 In bright eternity.

Wisdom.

Pallas Athénè, goddess fair,
 Thou maiden with the dark brown hair,
 And eyes of blue.
 Henceforth I mean to leave the rest
 And dwell with thee! and love thee best,
 For ever true.

Wisdom I seek of purest kind ;
 Such as can dwell in woman's mind,
 As we are told ;
 Not such as dwelt with great Kon Fu,
 Bias, or Thalès, and the few
 Wise sages old.

Who tempered oft their wisest laws,
 With human frailties, fertile cause
 Of future woe ;
 They raised their standards half-mast high,
 Hence half their wisdom had to die
 While yet below.

The mother of the gods—wert thou,
 Springing full armed from Jove's dread brow,
 Wise, stern, severe ;
 Holding no terms with vice or crime,
 Thou stood'st alone, erect sublime,
 Ruling each sphere.

But those who reigned long ago,
 And those who rule and govern now,
 All deem it wise,
 (As Solon, Numa, and the Jew,
 Who brought from heaven those precepts true,
 Which win the skies.)



Accounting sensual mixture wise,
 They deemed some earthly compromise
 The highest good ;
 But thou dread empress—on thy throne—
 Mother of virtue—goddess lone,
 Hast grandly stood.

Shadow of Him, of later days,
 Whom men and gods conspire to praise.
 Who was to come.

Thou sprang'st full armed from Jove divine,
 As He from David's royal line,
 And virgin's womb.

In ancient lands, as sages tell,
 The fount of wisdom was the well,
 At Pallas' shrine ;
 But hence away with fables old ;
 Now the dread Sybil's books are sold
 For One Divine.

Wisdom and purity combined,
 All meet in Him (and are enshrined)
 Of woman born.
 Sprung of a purer Pallas, he,
 Apollo of humility,
 His splendour shorn.

A god who laid his vengeance by,
 And left his arrows in the sky,
 Serene and mild ;
 Thou, in thy high Olympian dome,
 He, in a humble peasant's home,
 A little child.

Yet his exceeds thy wisdom far,
As does the sun yon evening star,
That bears thy name.

(Though thy faint light, that shone of old,
Was wisdom still, and virgin gold,
No fire could tame.)

What though in this, our sceptic age,
The proud rebel, “the heathen rage
Against the son,”
Yet hath He, on His holy hill,
Fixed His throne unshaken still,
Eternal, alone.

Henceforth, then, wisdom, woman born,
Shall be my theme, though lofty scorn,
Malign my muse.

Pallas Athénè, goddess fair,
I love thee still, yet must I wear
Deep in my heart, enshrined there,
“Him of the Jews.”

Sonnets on the River Etherow.

Sweet silvery stream that slowly glid'st along,
Through copse and fern—down moor and brush-
wood glen,

Now iey winter's fled—and spring again
Unbinds the murmuring music of thy song,
To thee what sights and images belong !
What solitudes of tarn and sheltered nook !
What murmurs soft o'er shallow pebbly brook ;
O'er flowery beds—past scenes of peace and wrong,
From gushing rill to rushing torrent strong





All undisturbed ; until the haunts of men
 Pollute thy stream (which soon is clear again)
 Widening thy way—the woods and hills among,
 'Till changed from flowery copse and village green
 Dark frowning cities on thy banks are seen.

Past towering cities, 'till the ocean wide,
 (Grave of the living—as of all the dead,)
 Receives thy waters in its pearly bed
 Which resteth never—(unlike all beside)
 Rolling along in storm and surge or tide,
 Or only like the restless human mind,
 Veering at will—or swayed by every wind
 And gust of passion ; oft without a guide ;
 Wandering at will—(as this sweet river glides)
 Through scenes of childhood—happy—pure and
 gay,
 Through dreams of bliss—or—fretful by the way,
 Or darkened o'er by sin's deep muddy tides,
 'Till pure at length and freed from filth and slime,
 'Tis lost in Life's Eternal Sea sublime.

Sonnet.

On the sudden death of a very beautiful child.

Sweet smiling cherub, sportive as a fay,
 Gay mocking bird with voice of sweet delight,
 A summer's joy compressed into a day,
 No gem, no star, could beam with such a light,
 Is there a dearth within the realms of bliss ?
 Thou child, (whose only business here was love)
 That angels envy me a flower like this--
 What need had they of such a child above ?
 But hark ! I hear some notes, such melody,

I fain would think it is my birdie sings
 With that pure joy that gives an angel wings,
 Yet, since I find thou canst not fly to me,
 I'll learn those notes, I'll seek that purity,
 And wait my wings that I may fly to thee.

Sonnet.

Azrael, the guardian of the gate of death,
 Hath thrice looked in upon my poor abode,
 And thrice hath carried up yon starry road,
 The soul of those I loved ; while here beneath
 I thrice am widowed ; first my darling son,
 Full soon his sire, and then the grandsire old,
 All gone ! e'rethrice yon moon her course had
 told,

Across the orbit of the earth and sun :
 Three such loved souls, so quickly called away,
 The young, the ripe, and last the grandsire grey,
 While I am left a silent mourner here,
 Too young to die, too sad to shed a tear,
 With them lies buried heart and hope and mind,
 While I live on for those death left behid.

(The above is literally true.)

Spring Time and Youth.

A SONNET.

Spring's blushing season, youth's warm throbbing
 breast,
 Though stringed in unison, not all agree,
This bursts with joy ; *that* droops with misery ;





Spring grows to summer, youth can lose its zest.
 Bright birds and flowers now charm the woody
 glade,
 While youth is sometimes sadly out of tune,
 Chill wintry winds destroys life's budding June,
 While slighted love consumes the blooming maid.
 Warm summer glows while manhood fades away,
 Rich orchards bend, while youth has fruitless
 fled,
 Yet "wasting time" that counts him with the
 dead,
 Oft brings to spring a season of decay ;
 But while time lasts shall seasons bud and bloom,
 And man shall find his spring beyond the tomb.

To E. B.—A Sonnet.

Lady of beauty, theme of all my song.
 Graceful and lovely, fairer far in soul ;
 Mind from the storehouse cannot now recall,
 Charms so enchanting as to thee belong.

Thy form, thy face, an empire might enthral,
 To thee might Princes' proudly bend the knee,
 Thou sweet inspirress of all chivalry,
 Thy love inflames my heart beyond control,

 While nimbus clouds of glory ever roll
 Around thy self, and deck that gracious brow,
 Where virtue sits and purest passions glow,
 Flinging fair woman's sweetest charm round all,
 Which decks thee thus in looks and life divine,
 When lo ! the dream is fled—I may not call thee
 mine.

Fame,—A sonnet.

What baseness mixeth in the soul's fair woof,
 When noble names thus join the yelling pack,
 Which sleuth like flies for ever on the track
 Of one who wins the scent and climbs the roof
 Of fame's proud niche, whose earnest struggling
 feet

Attempt that height, let him beware the while,
 Her breath is false—how many a lurking smile
 Will burst into a laugh at his defeat ;
 E'en should he win, detraction dogs him still,
 While few accord the merit he has shown,
 Calling *that* ease—which cost him many a groan,
 Deep wrought into his blood by earnest will,
 E'en when his head he rears above the cloud,
 He hears the snarling pack amongst the applauding
 crowd.

Elegy.

On the death of John Herbert, eldest son of W. Quarmby, who died July 29, 1867, aged 11 years and 11 months.

Lord, I forsook thee, and thou'st called my son,
 And hast put out his light ere it was noon ;
 So fair a light,
 So calm and bright,
 Ere half, or e'en a fourth his course was run.

Thou took'st my candlestick ere it was day ;
 Now darkness broods, and stormy billows roll :
 Each water spout,
 With answering shout,
 Of “deep to deep” nigh overwhelms my soul.





While meddling memory now haunteth every
 rill,

Painting his form by house, or field, or hill,
 His voice I hear,

 Winged with despair,

Leaving a blank which nought on earth can fill.

Could time's abyss but drink up half my woe—
There were enough to last me all my days ;

 To weep and pray,

 From day to day,

As I recal his worth and kindly ways.

Heaven sent and took him from our happy home
Our eldest born, ere he was twelve years old ;

 While once again,

 He talked with men,

And showed us gleams of wisdom manifold.

We sing of sages, heroes, leaders—men ;

We shout for harvests safely gathered home,

 Shall we not sing

 The buds of spring ?

The youth whence sages, heroes, leaders come ?

Not lost, transplanted, says the voice of faith ;

But gone from here into the upper room,

 Unto the feast,

 A wedding guest,

Waiting in patience till the bride shall come.

Yet left he here, around our bleeding hearts,

A pleasing light to point our souls the way,

 Death's curtained road,

 That leads to God,

He cleft and opened up the realms of day.

Dying, he rent our mourning hearts in twain,
 Sin issued out, but grace hath entered in ;
 Since it is so,
 We humbly bow,
 And thank thee, God, he hath not died in vain.
 Then let us gird the loins up of our mind,
 May God's great love cause every tear to dry ;
 After earth's pain
 We shall again
 Behold his face divine eternally.

The Poets Grave.

Build ye my Tomb near some wild wandering
 stream,
 Beneath the Hawthorn and the Fruit trees' shade ;
 Where timid conies and bright birds have made
 Their secret nests ; where oft young lovers dream,
 And stretch their listless length to Eve's last gleam,
 There where the willows bending o'er the sedge,
 Do kiss the sweet blue bells that fringe the ledge
 Of yonder shelving rocks ; where dace and bream
 And silvery trout play in the limped pool ;
 While holy solitude in sober grey,
 (Of twilight born) comes with the dying day,
 There as a truant just escaped from school,
 Life's lessons done, my listless length I'd lay,
 Till suns shall cease to shine, and stars with age
 decay.

A Picture.

Oh wondrous art that paints with such a skill,
 The ruined abbey hid among the trees,
 The lake, the church, the moon above the hill,
 And that soft light the *poet only* sees.





What scenes have fled since Luna with her beam
 First lit those towers and aisles above the lea
 That rose majestically like a dream,
 Where beauty lingers as if loth to flee.
 E'en ruthless ruin, (born where night birds sing)
 Child of dark Eld swift from Plutonian shore,
 Hath dropt a pinion from her sable wing,
 That paints thee with a witching wild glamore,
 Faith's self hath changed since art with magic
 wand,
 First raised thy form majestic o'er the steep.
 And time shall bury in the mighty sand
 Contentions which have raged both loud and deep,
 As yon lone skiff with one whose eyes are dim,
 Sails o'er the lake, where multitudes of yore,
 Noon, night, and morn once heard that glorious
 hymn,
 Which rose, and fell and died upon the shore ;
 So may new races rise, new faiths may fade, !
 But He whose hand this scene of beauty traced,
 His name shall bloom when each worn stones
 decayed,
 And every charm which once its grandeur graced,
 Who limns such pictures ere their beauty dies,
 (Like those unknown but yet for ever blest ;
 Who trained the olive 'neath arcadian skies,
 And woed stern Ceres with impassioned zest ;)
 Are Gods, and tho' to them no temples rise,
 They read their worship in our wondering eyes.

To Robert Higgin, Esq.

*Written on the munificence of Robert Higgin, Esq., of Quatry
 Bunk, to his native town of Ashton-under-Lyne.*
 These would my humble muse devote to him,
 Who 'midst life's battle (fifty years and more)

Still kept his eye turned to his native shore:
 And looking back—adown the vistas dim
 Of eighty years—still kept his memory green,
 His soul unstained and his affections true,
 And turned to where his joyous childhood grew,
 Turned with affection to each pleasant scene,
 His Father's House,—the village school, I ween,
 The street, the woods, the fields, the purling rill,
 The castle grey, the sheep-fold and the mill,
 Then thinks of all that since his time had been,
 And being blest by the Great God above,
 Poured forth his wealth to testify his love.

Love for the sick, the lame, the halt, the blind,
 The uninstructed and the wandering poor
 Easing the pain of thousands. Thousands more,
 Shall grateful turn with an enlightened mind,
 And bless him thus, who pitied human kind ;
 Sure shall he therefore all the softer lie
 On his own bed, who soothed such misery,
 And left so rich a flood of light behind!
 Blest be his soul, who this great gift designed ;
 In that dread hour and shadowy—(which men
 fear,)

May he, the voices of the future hear,
 Up to that seat where pain is left behind,
 May thus on earth “his horn exalted be,”
 And hear in Illeaven the voice—“Ye did it unto
 me.”

N.B.—Mr. Higgin left to the Schools and Infirmary of his native Town the munificent gift of £10,000.

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